WEEK ENDING JUNE 2, 1928

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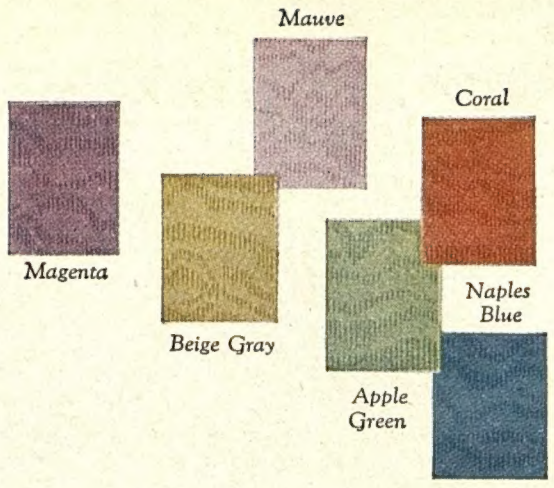
Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

"I've Never Lost a Father Yet"

GRIMSHAW ~ FLYNN ~ PALMER ~ CHAMBERS ~ SPRINGS



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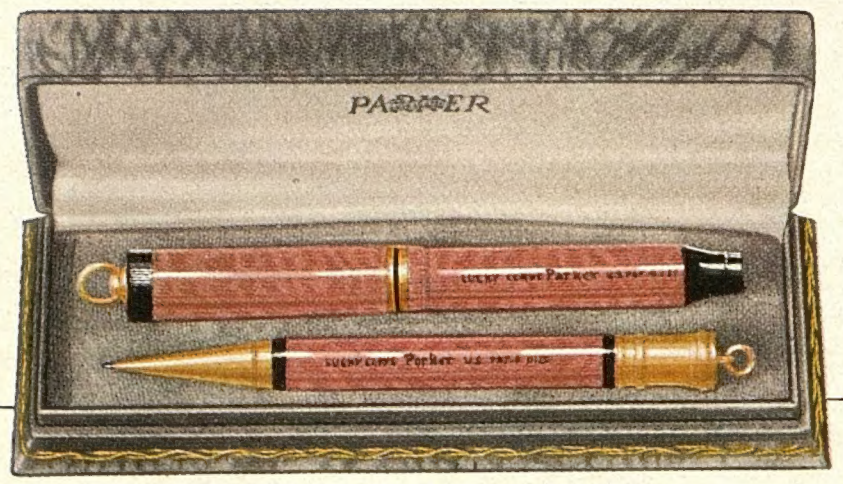

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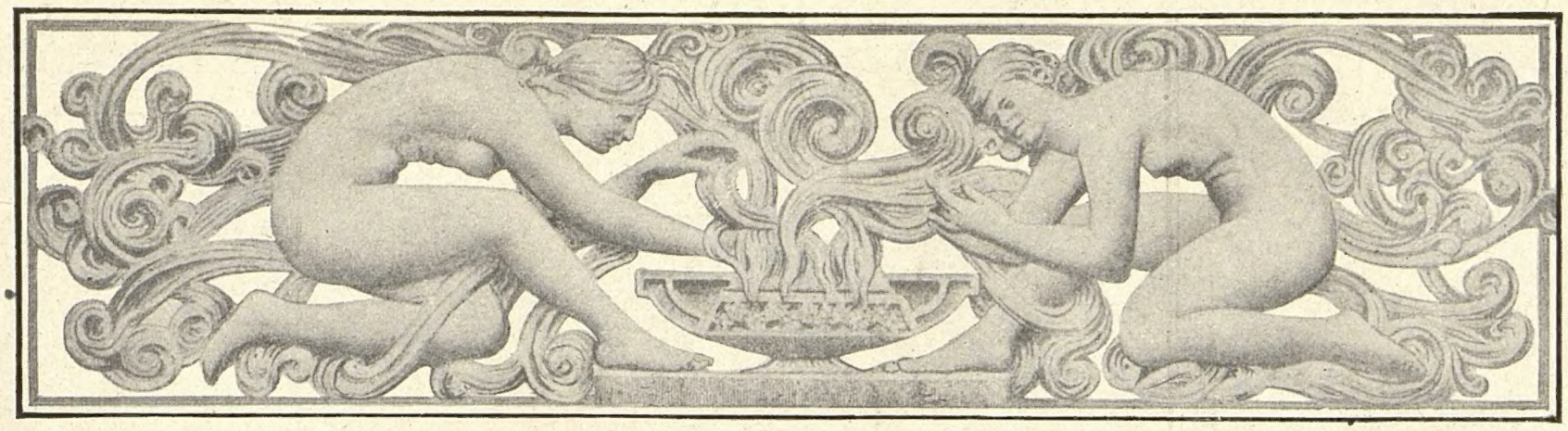

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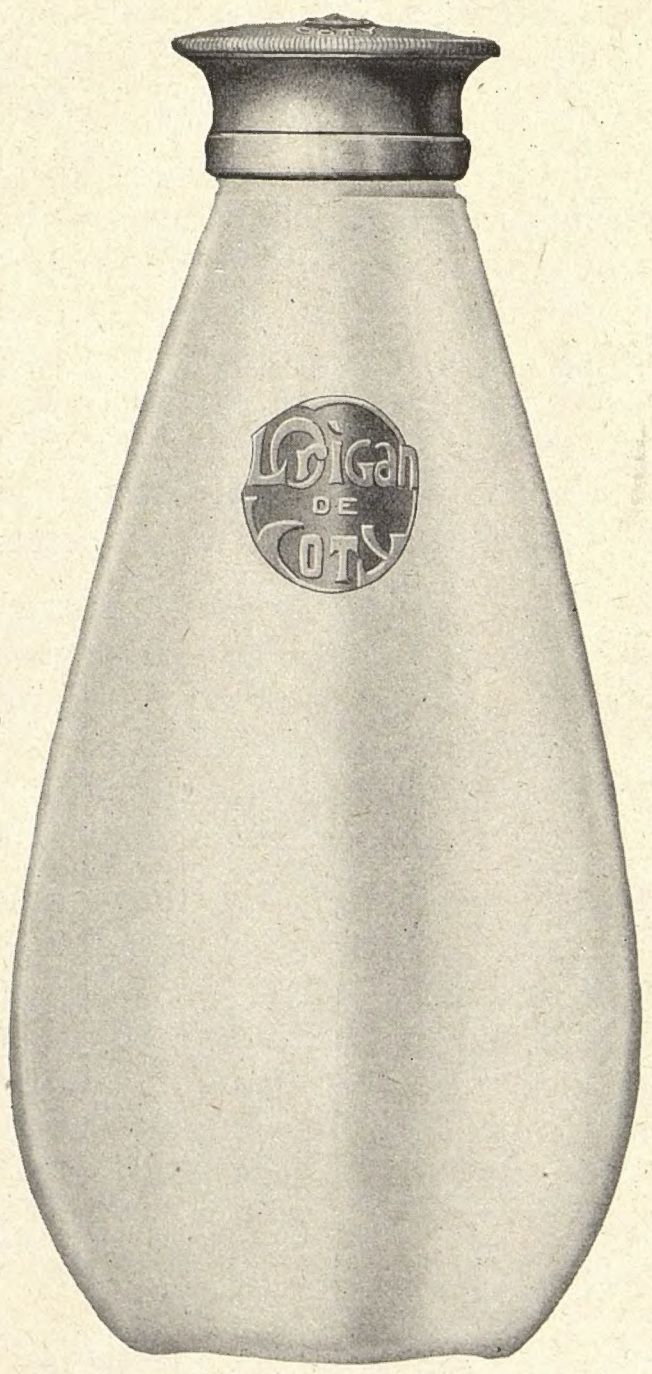

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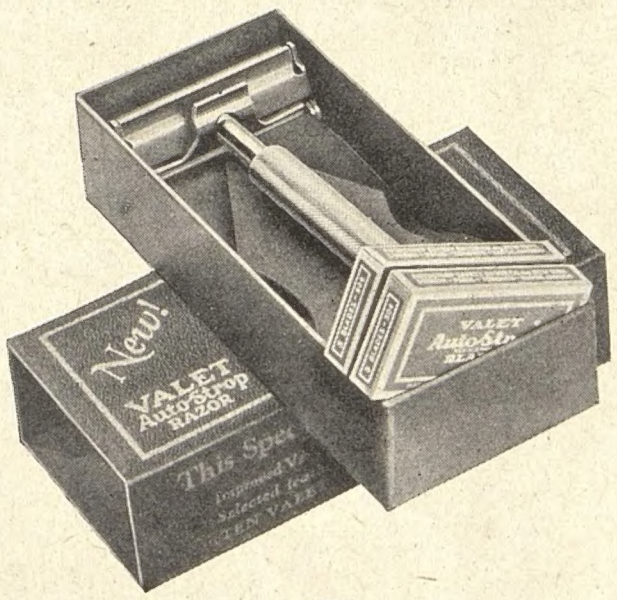

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JUNE 2, 1928

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 5 NO. 22

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

THE 14th, 15th, AND 18th AMENDMENTS

The last two issues of LIBERTY have contained interesting statements from Senators Glass and George, and from Mr. Sidney Sutherland, concerning the latter's recent articles entitled "The 14th, 15th, and 18th Amendments." It seems pertinent now to say a few words in this column.

The question asked by some people about these amendments to the Constitution is: If the Fourteenth and Fifteenth can be nullified by States which do not want the Negro to vote, why cannot the Eighteenth be nullified by States which do not want to be told what they shall do about drinking?

To this the proponents of enforcing the Eighteenth reply that the Fourteenth and Fifteenth are not nullified in the letter of the law—only in spirit.

Mr. Dooley, that sapient philosopher, observed that not only does the Constitution follow the flag, but the Supreme Court follows the election returns.

This is what has happened. The South has announced that it will not deal with any party that lets the Negro vote. The North, while permitting the Negro to vote, sees what happens in the South and adopts a policy of "hands off."

And let us say right here we think they are right in doing it. In view of the horrors of Reconstruction, we do *not* believe the Negro should vote in the South. When he did vote there, he brought civilization almost back to savagery.

Few Caucasians in this country seriously believe that the Negro should vote in any State where he is apt to get control. And the Caucasians of this country have lived up to that belief.

In such States the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments have been nullified and the Supreme Court has sanctioned such annulment.

In parallel, in certain large cities of the United States the Eighteenth Amendment is nullified. As we know, the more prosperous people who wish to drink do drink. They pay more for their liquor and get poorer stuff than they did when it was not against the law, but they get it.

The question in these wet communities is not whether there should be nullification. There *is* nullification, and so far as we can see there will continue to be nullification. The price of liquor is not rising, and the industry of selling it is getting more efficient all the time.

And just as the North has stopped insisting that States which don't have Negro suffrage should have it, so the time will come, we believe, when the rest of the country will permit those parts of the country which are wet to do as they please about it. Indeed, more and more this is tacitly happening.

One of the difficulties about the Constitution is the difficulty of amending it. In spite of what is known about the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments, it is impossible to repeal them. The same probably is true of the Eighteenth.

We believe the time is coming when States that want it will be allowed latitude in interpreting the Constitution. The South will have no Negro suffrage. The urban East will be wet. And the agrarian Western States which believe in all three of these amendments, the Fourteenth, Fifteenth, and Eighteenth, will be permitted to enjoy them to the full within their own borders.

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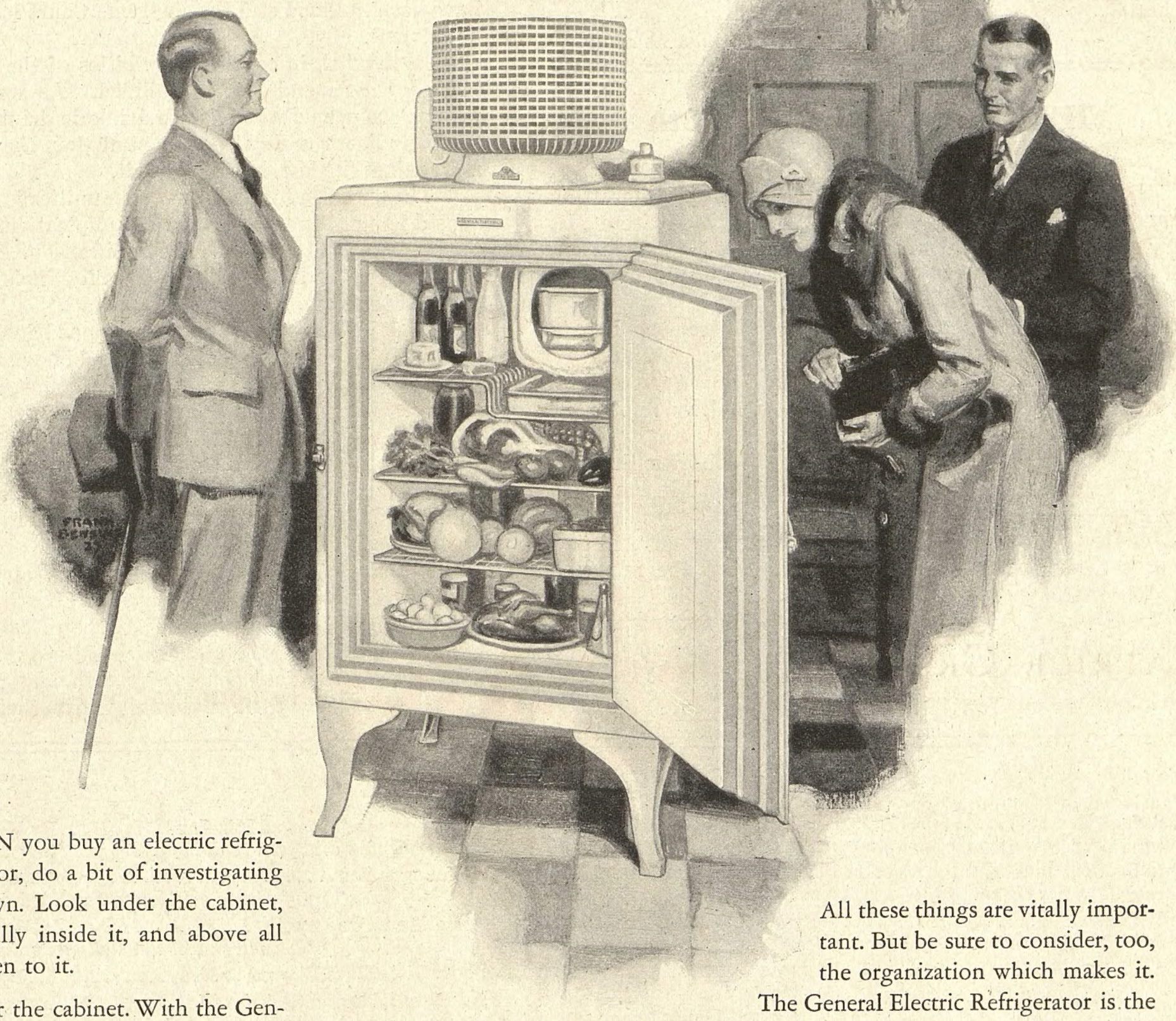
Look underneath, look inside ...and listen to it!



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The Beach of Terror

A Tale of Cannibals, a Girl, and a White Man's Dream

By

BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

Pictures by W. T. BENDA

What he saw was much more amazing. It was the face of a native girl high up in a tree. She seemed to stare, frozen, in the light of the lantern.

(Reading time: 23 minutes 38 seconds.)

TO Blades, the young new trader, it seemed as if the men of Yela were swarming like flies or bees.

He could not understand what they were about.

They milled, whirling round in capricious circles that had now one center, now another; they swept in dancing crowds from end to end of the beach; they seemed without sense, without reason in their behavior; and yet—

Yet there was purpose in those dark faces. The eyes, deep-set like a bison's, beneath overhanging brows, the cruel, clever mouths, showed none of the usual dance intoxication with which Blades, in his few weeks' stay, was already familiar. The men of Yela today knew what they were about; and they were certainly about something.

What?

When you have taken your life in your hand to go trading on the last, loneliest island outlying the long tail of Papua (it was in the early days of the century, before government patrols), you do not pass unnoticed any peculiar action on the part of the lively cannibals among whom your lot is cast. True, you are the source of tobacco, the fount from which flow calico, tinned salmon, kerosene, tomahawks, adzes, and knives, and you are therefore safe—as a general rule. But all rules have their exceptions. Blades that day began to wonder whether an exception might not be about to occur.

Since the day when he ran in beneath the dark tower of Yela alone with his island crew, his stores, and his high adventure, Richard Blades, twenty-six, aforetime senior clerk of a Sydney real estate firm, had known delights—intoxicating, burning delights—of whose very existence he had never before had so much as a suspicion.

It was worth antagonizing your people, who thought that going to the islands was going to the devil. It was worth losing your chance of a junior partnership. It was worth the madness of spending all the only legacy you had ever had, or ever would have, at a single blow. Worth it all to be so supremely your own master, free beyond all wildest dreams of freedom, alone in hundreds of miles of sea, amid beauty

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE BEACH OF TERROR
Continued from page seven]

and wonder unimagined, with your brown thatched hut and your coconut palms and your whaleboat — pioneer, adventurer, king of your little world.

THE Yela men had been pretty decent, on the whole. They hadn't had a trader there since they ate the last one years ago—an impulsive act bitterly regretted: because the far-off god called "Govamen" had waked up, sent a man-of-war, and smashed their villages.

Blades, coming up in a cranky ketch from Samarai, had been quite welcome. They let him build his hut on the beach; they sold him food, brought coconuts, and became very anxious to know where, what, and how much his trade goods might be.

But Blades, warned beforehand, had not brought them—yet. He had only enough to buy food with. The ketch was to call again in a little time, bringing the stores that he had been just able to buy with the last squeezed out drops of his legacy. Not much, but enough to make a start.

All his chances in life now, such as they were. If he failed to make good as a trader here on lonely Yela, well—he had kept back a little, which would take him to Sydney again; to the office again (they would give him another chance); to the morning ferry up from Mosman, with the sun-gilt waves racing in from Sydney Heads behind, and the dust-swept city opening out before. To Heather Wilson, his one-time fiancée, who had thrown him over for a naval officer, lost the officer, and expressed herself ready to take or be taken back.

Heather would take him. The office would take him—Blades was a heaven-born salesman. Sydney would take him, hold him, and never let him go again.

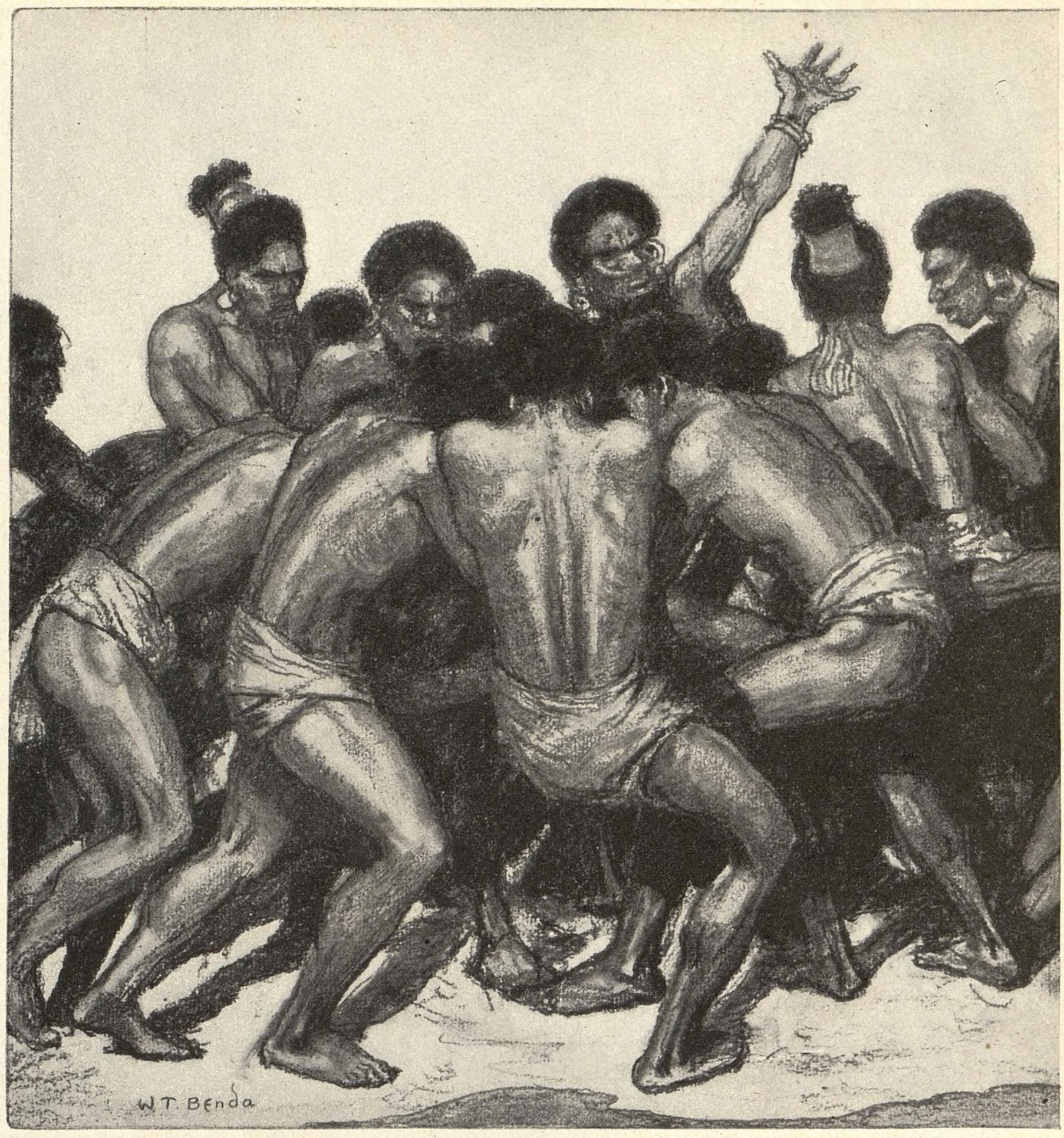
All—if he failed on Yela. It would be safe to bring his goods along soon. Yela was crowded with coconuts. Copra ran high at Samarai that year. He'd make, not a fortune, but enough to start his own plantation in a year or two. And he would go on being a king.

Thus Blades with his dream. But there was much unworded, not to be told, in that dream: things to do with high mountains belted in mist; golden birds and green and blue butterflies; orchids pale as ice flowers on a winter pane; deeps, below overhanging hills, where lint-white cockatoos soared screaming, reflected in the agate-colored water; and long, bright, moving flaws, like cracks in a crystal, showed where mysterious beasts of the submarine world went viewless by.

There were times when it almost shocked him to think of it all, he liked it so—with that profoundest part of his being which, like the sea beasts beneath the crystal flaws in the water, had existed, little known but active, all his life.

Thus, when he saw the milling of the men on the beach, and sensed rather than knew that it portended trouble of some kind, he was as much concerned for the prospects of his possible trading as for any risk to himself. Indeed, that last did not seem to matter—much.

The ketch was due again any time now, with the calico, the kerosene, the hurricane lamps, jew's-harps and mouth-organs, knives, tomahawks, adzes, Chinese boxes, tobacco, and tinned salmon.



He saw the whole circling, swarming crowd whirl closer and closer round one common center. Saw the fierce

If he kept on good terms with the Yela men it would be safe to land these; to start real work straight away, without fear that he would be made the central figure in one of the strangling parties that were and still are a notable part of Yela life. But if he got into trouble with the island folk (and how hard it was to keep out of trouble Blades well knew by this time) there would be nothing for it but to take his goods and himself back to Samarai, save his neck, and abandon the island dream.

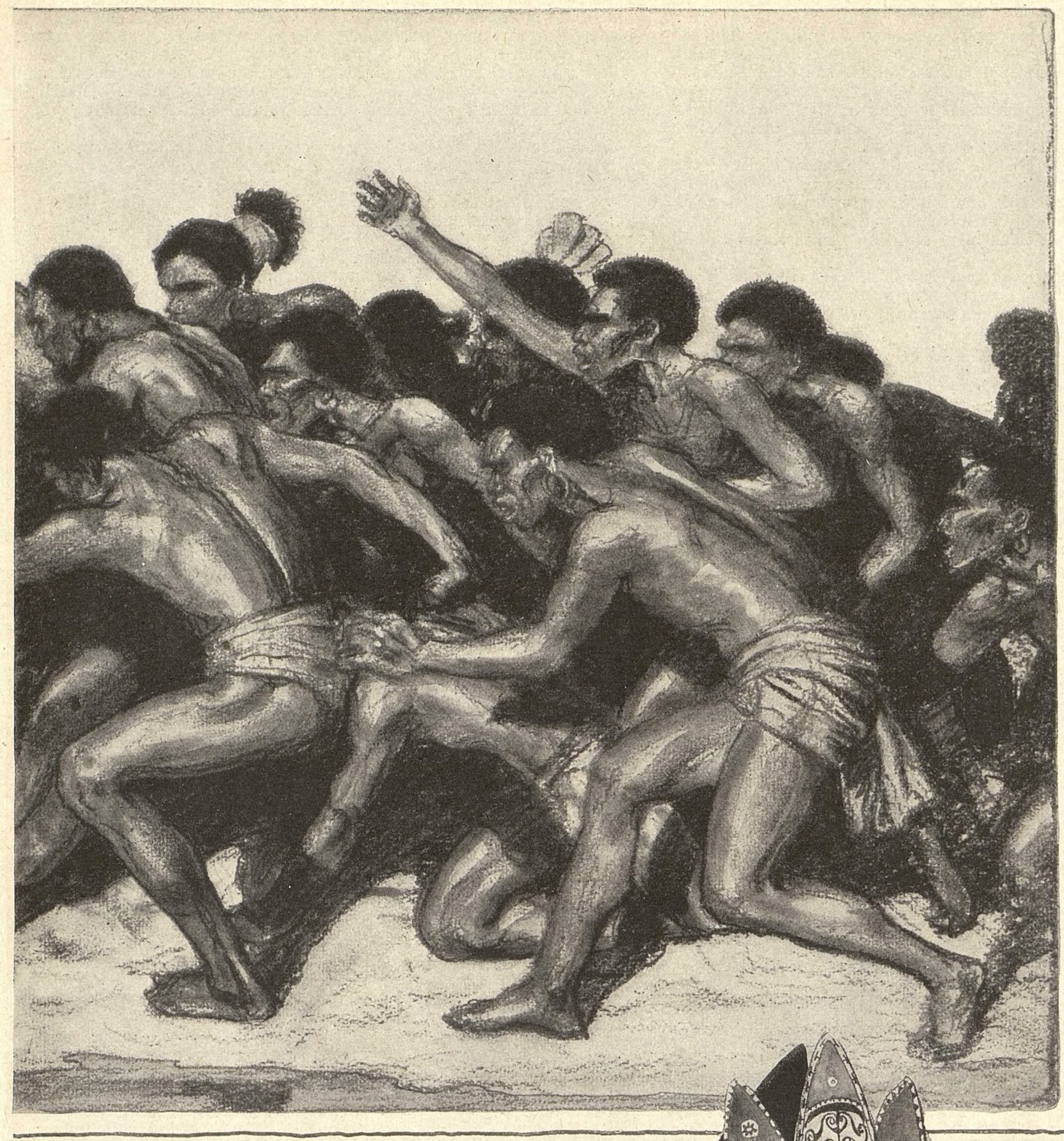
This wasn't the middle of the nineteenth century, when unexploited fields were as common as conch shells about the shores of the Pacific world. Blades well knew that for him it was probably Yela or nothing.

HE had acquired a sort of servant: a youth who had been to Tagula, twenty miles away, met white miners, and learned a bit of pidgin English. The youth was called Mbh, as near as Blades could make it out of the grunts and clicks of the Yela language.

Mbh, a stocky, sleek, dark figure, dressed in a trade waistcloth and many strings of red shell money, had been squatting on the sand, chewing betel nut and working a native bow drill upon the beginnings of a clamshell bracelet, until the milling began. Then he had silently risen to his feet and melted into the trader's hut.

Blades, looking after him, saw that Mbh had closed the door. It gave him an odd little creepy feeling down his spine.

Nevertheless, he stood his ground—what else could one do?—and watched. He knew by this time that these quiet little athletic fellows who haunted the beach and the hills, who never carried weapons of any kind, who dressed in a dozen loops of pandanus rope and a smear



boiling up that ensued, as the victim made one last struggle.

of red clay, were the most expert, the most determined murderers in the whole Pacific world. That murder was their special sport and pastime. That a man was not a man, among the Yela folk, till he had killed.

Strange to say, he rather liked the Yela men. They were chunky, funny little beggars; they enjoyed a joke; they were hard workers in their way, and he suspected them of possessing plenty of unexploited brain power. As for the murdering, all savages did it; all of them had to be taught. He thought he might do a bit of teaching. . . .

BUT this queer ceremony on the beach—what did it mean and whither was it leading? One must find out. One could get within call of the hut and talk to Mbh, at least, without appearing to retreat. That would never do: the white man's prestige had to be maintained.

"Mbh!" he called cautiously.

"Yessir?" came from within the hut.

"What name this feller makem?"

"Him makem dance belong big-feller man he die."

"Ho, chief's funeral!" said Blades to himself. Then to Mbh, "What for he too much run-about?"

The Yela men were circling and milling more than ever. Each of them eyed the others fiercely, yet with something very like terror. A common antagonism, a common dread, seemed to possess them; and plainly they were waiting for something.

Mbh had not answered. Blades repeated his question. From the back of the hut, outside apparently, and ascending the cliff, came down a brief reply.

"Altogether him look for someone him kill."

Then there was a faint sound of scrambling, and of Mbh no more.

With a cold shock, Richard Blades realized the truth. It was the commencement of the man hunt that follows a chief's death: the hunt that — like all hunts—gives the intended victim a chance, in order to secure good sport. Blades knew of it. He knew that, once started, the hunt would follow relentlessly over mountain and gorge, through torrent and through jungle, for days if need be, until at last the man was caught and the five executioners, barehanded, closed around him.

ONLY the hare was needed to begin; and no one—yet—knew whom the hare would be. That was as it happened.

Hence the whirling, the milling, the continual clotting of the crowd, for a moment, round some man, who succeeded—Heaven and his need alone knew how!—in diverting the stream of death, making himself part of the stream, and setting it toward another victim. Not yet had the unmistakable choice fallen; but soon, surely soon, it would—

By Heaven, it had fallen! Blades, standing apart, felt sick when he saw from far off the whole circling, swarming crowd whirl closer and closer round one common center, like bees that have found their queen. Saw the fierce boiling up that ensued, as the victim made one last struggle against his hideous lot. Saw—worse than all—the crowd part, letting the "hare" of the hunt get clear away, the while they gave tongue to a roaring, brassy song.

Blades, Australian born, had never seen an English hunt; but he recognized, from his reading, the likeness between that historic gathering and the thing before his eyes. Only, in this case, hounds, horses, and riders were all one; and the quarry was that which provides the finest hunting in the world—man.

Some weeks ago he would have tried to beat off the crowd—save the hare from them somehow. Now he knew better; he had learned that no savage race can be suddenly swept out of its savagery. It has to find the way.

He could not look on. He knew without looking that the hare had torn away into the climbing forests; that the hounds, consciously delaying, were beginning to trot leisurely along the beach, silent now, exactly as animal hounds are when they get down to their work. He let them pass by, and went into his hut.

Mbh was gone. Through the slim poles of sago stem the afternoon

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE BEACH OF TERROR]
Continued from page nine

sunlight slanted, gilding the black-palm corduroy of the floor. The sea lisped on the sand a little way outside. Blades, hearing that sound, realized newly his utter isolation, the distances, the seas that lay between him and his kind.

Night began to fall. He got himself a meal, lit the lamp, and, by way of occupation, set to work on a repair of the corduroy floor, which had been damaged by an overturned case of goods.

It was an excellent floor. Blades, warned by Samarai folk of the foot weariness that comes with the true native floor of springy palm slips single layered, had made this one triple: stringers of hard wood, joists of palm split large, flooring of fine split palm, laid as even as the fingers of a hand. It made a thick layer eighteen inches through, and Blades was proud of it.

He got to work removing the damaged section. Flooring and joists were cracked, but the stringers were intact. Between them, as he lifted away the broken pieces, showed a narrow, gravelike space. Blades, chin in hand, studied it for a minute.

"Not a bad idea," he said, talking to himself, as solitary men will do.

He got a few pieces of sawn timber from the broken case, and nailed them between the stringers, making a kind of long, shallow box below the floor. He took his reserve of stick tobacco—the gold of the islands—and stowed it in the box.

"Good," he said, replacing the section of black palm, laced together and repaired.

Richard Blades could not rest that night. Two things oppressed him, kept sleep away. One was the thought of the hunt. One couldn't sleep with that in one's mind. Nor could one even lie down, obsessed unreasonably, as Blades was obsessed, by the conviction that somebody was near the hut, outside.

He had not heard a sound, save one or two indefinite rustlings. He had looked out, and seen nothing, twice. Now he took his lantern in hand and went to the door a third time.

He swung the lantern high over his head.

He had half expected to catch sight of the fugitive. No knowing whether the fellow might not double back—hares, human or animal, often did. But what he saw—if he did see it—was much more amazing.

IT was the face of a native girl high up in a tree. She seemed to stare, frozen, in the light of the lantern. Her body was visible down to the waist, among dusk leaves. It was bare, and shaped like the body of the Cnidian Venus.

Her eyes were huge and black and very shining, like the eyes of soft, night-wandering creatures—lemurs, opossums, furry flying squirrels. She had the native hair, full and upstanding in a halo above her face, but it seemed extraordinarily soft. It shook and waved like seaweeds in water as she breathed. The egg shape of her face and the length of the gold-bronze neck, which shone clear in the lanternlight, were scarcely Papuan. Yet the girl was a native, and the ornaments of shell money and shell beads that hung upon her breast and arms were of island make.

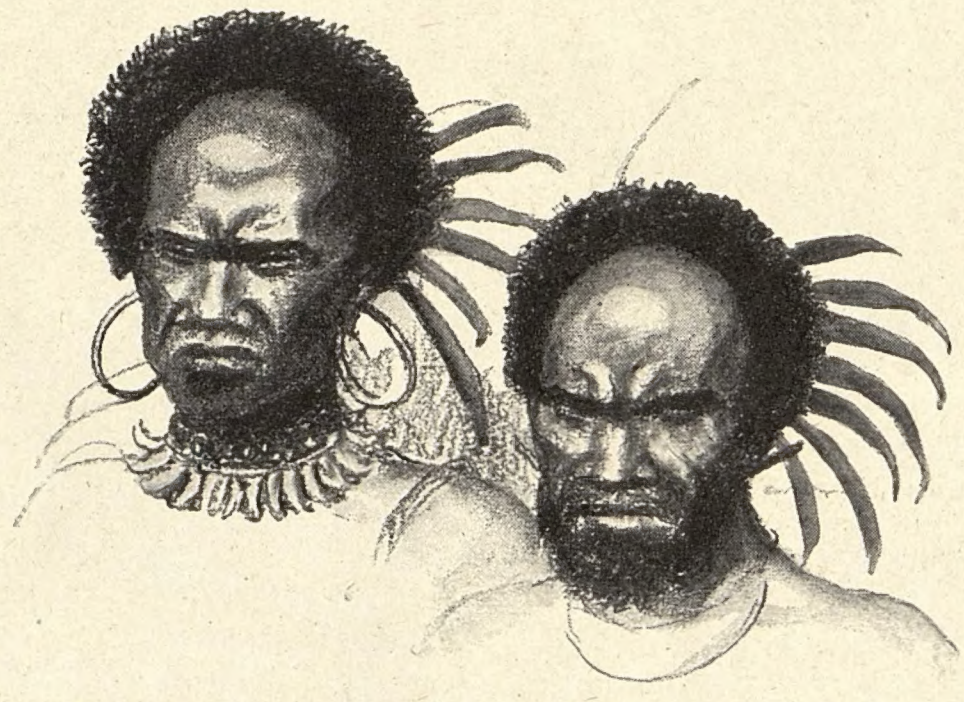
For a moment the two looked at each other, motionless. The sea breathed a long way off. In the forest a white cockatoo suddenly waked up and screamed.

"Something moving about," thought one half of Blades' mind; the other half was fixed on the girl.

He saw her stretch one arm out and point with it twice—once to the forest, and once to Blades' own hut. Then the cockatoo screeched again, and Blades turned his head to look. When he turned it back again, there was no girl.

Not at all certain that he had not dreamed her—for Richard Blades knew well the visions that come to a lonely man—he lowered the lantern and closed his door.

Rain came thrashing the roof of his hut, drowning thought and sensation in one cataclysmal roar. Battered into insensibility, he slept. Yet, through his sleep, the certainty of an alien presence persisted, and waked him up at last.



He knew that these quiet little athletic fellows were the most expert, the most determined murderers in the whole Pacific world.

Light had come, faintly. There was a little noise outside—a faint whining, like that of a dog that has been left out and forgotten. But Richard Blades had no dog.

He went to the back door, which gave on the forest and the impending hills. Through a hole in the boards he looked out. Something was crouched on the ground. He had to look again before he saw it was a man.

In the forest the cockatoos began to scream. "Ah, ah!" they went. "Someone coming. Ah, ah, ah, ah—many people coming!"

You can trust the cockatoos; Richard knew that. He wasted no more time. The hare had doubled; the hounds were after it. During the dark it had lain hidden. Now daylight was betraying it, and the hunt was up once more.

One swift step took him out of the house; two slow, laboring steps, with a lift and a heave, brought him back. He laid the wretched islander upon the floor. This had been a man, and a fine one, yesterday. Today his all but naked body was clotted with black mud and red clay. He was bleeding from thorns, scratches, and cut by stones. Furrows marred brown cheeks that had been round and young last night. The black, wild eyes under their savage brow arches had sunk almost out of sight, hollowed like the eyes of an old man. A dull blue shade beneath the skin, and the man's pulse, faint and fast, fluttered like a bird escaping—nearly escaped.

Blades forced whisky and water into the creature's mouth, and saw him revive, choking a little. He said something in the snarling Yela tongue.

"I understand, old man," soothingly replied the trader. "I'll save you." But he was not at all sure he could.

It was full dawn now. The shriek of the cockatoos was growing momently more frantic. The hunted man heard. He rolled to a sitting posture and began to stare about the hut, wildly seeking covert.

"They're coming!" he panted.

Blades did not know the impossible Yela tongue, but he could translate that without trouble. Also the piteous "Help me!"

"The safe!" he thought, remembering his night's work.

He took up the section of plaited flooring, tossed out the tobacco, and motioned to the Yela man to hide. It was the only chance.

The screeching of the cockatoos was almost drowned in louder yells coming down from the forested heights above. The hounds were coming now; were surely near.

Into the hole went the Yela man. The trader pulled the section of flooring into place, drew the mat on top of it, and set the bed over all.

It seemed scarcely a minute before the whole house was surrounded by yelling, yelping creatures, who sounded—and smelt—exactly like a pack of mongrel hounds.

Richard flung open the back door. No use trying to keep them out—they were on the steps already. Some of them ran under the house. A round dozen burst into the one room that made the home and office of the trader. Among them, painted, wild, all but unrecognizable, was the semicivilized Mbh.

Blades leaned back against the hut wall, cigarette between his lips.

"I've done my damnedest; angels can do no more," he quoted, and watched the hunt. "I suppose," he thought, "that rain washed out the beggar's footmarks and puzzled them a bit. They can't find him now."

They scrambled about beneath the hut. He knew that it would not take much to arouse the suspicious attention of these human hounds: a broken end of bamboo hanging down, a bulge in the flooring—

It seemed an hour—it could not have been more than five minutes—before the leader of the pack called off his mates. They massed themselves together in front of the hut, and Mbh, driven on from behind, advanced.

"Him want to savvy," said Mbh, "you bin see-em this man?"

"No," answered Blades without hesitation.

"Him talk," said Mbh agreeably, "suppose you see-em this man, no tell, him makem one"—something unpronounceable—"belong you."

Without doubt, the something unpronounceable meant "hare" or its equivalent. If he were concealing the victim, he might expect them to even up things by making a victim of him. . . .

Richard Blades, island trader, late estate agent, perceived that, without any warning, he was being called upon to make choice between another man's life and his own. It surprised him a little; but what surprised him more was his immediate certainty that there could be no choice but one.

"Tell them to go to hell," he answered as promptly. Within himself something small and astonished whispered: "If this is being a hero, there isn't much in it, after all."

His indifference seemed to pique the Yela men. They muttered and grumbled. But Blades, who was learning very fast in the sharp school of danger, perceived that the hunting look was absent from their faces. And Mbh, greatly daring, turned his head away from the crowd to send his master a secret signal he had learned from white men in Tagula mine fields: a strange signal that consisted in closing one eye while you kept the other open.

"They're only bluffing," was what the signal said. It said also: "I joined in to save my own bacon, but I don't really mean it. You can rely on me."

It occurred to Blades that he had been a hero for nothing—if any man ever is a hero for nothing, which is a point that would bear elaboration. He said: "Tell them not to go to hell if they don't like, but to go and look somewhere else."

Mbh understood; translated. The blood lust was dying out in these men; they were exceedingly tired and also extremely hungry.

"Mbh," Blades said, "give these men the last of the biscuits and

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE THIRTEEN]

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With this bouquet and spirits gay
I'm sure to be a winner.
And when we dine, oh how I'll shine
With Campbell's Soup for dinner!

Campbells' Soups

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The New VEEDOL Motor Oils

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TEN]

meat, and tell them to take it down to the Jaggega and eat it there. As for you, come in and sweep the shop, or I'll bust your head open."

"Yessir," saluted the hunter and cannibal; "me coming."

The Jaggega, a circle of flat stones very like the places where tourists are used to picnic, lay farther down the beach. Biscuit and tinned meat were not the usual fare of those who picnicked there. But your Yela man is, above all things, practical (which will be his salvation one day), being always ready to take the cash and let the credit go.

The credit, in the shape of a very wretched human being, lay hid underneath Blades' floor, while a score or so of tired, disappointed, and utterly run-out hunters sat round the feasting place and devoured the cash.

"Pray Heaven (if there's any such place) that the ketch may turn up this week," remarked Blades to himself.

"Yessir," agreed the repentant Mbh, busy raising dust.

"You don't understand," went on Blades, for the sake of hearing himself talk. "But, apart from the stores, it's full time somebody came along to keep me sane. I was seeing ghosts last night—things that don't exist. Lovely girls, my Mbh, when no girls were there."

Mbh seemed to catch a word he knew.

"Tnma she come," he remarked.

"Who in the name of the English language is Tnma?"

Mbh, surprisingly, pointed to the big mango tree outside the store.

"She stop last night," he said.

"Then I wasn't dreaming," mused the trader. "Where is she?"

"By 'n' by," answered Mbh, banging his broom on the edge of the veranda.

"You sound like Einstein. When she come, eh?"

"Tnma him come thass time altogether men him go kai-kai along big dance."

"Oh, there's a funeral dance on, is there?"

"Close-up dance," agreed Mbh, who was busy with a trade mirror and a knob of Blades' laundry blue, painting his face. "Me go."

"I wish you would," muttered Blades. "No knowing how long the chap in there'll hold out. . . . What's Tnma coming for?"

"Look for man belong him. Look everywhere; makem blanky row."

"Oh—she's the girl of the chap they were hunting?"

"Yessir. Me go now."

"Go, and good luck to you."

THE hut was empty now, save for Blades himself and his unseen visitor. Anxious as he was, he did not dare to make any investigation until the sound of the hunting party coming up from the Jaggega had passed and died away; until, far distant, a noise of shouting and hallooing proclaimed the commencement of the funeral dance. Then he lifted the mat, pulled back the section of flooring, and looked inside.

The man was there, and he was not dead; that was all that one could say. Fine creature as he was, the terror and strain of the night had been too much for him; the overstrained heart was clearly giving way. He was insensible, and his feet and hands, when Blades felt them, seemed to be growing cold.

"This won't do," muttered the trader. "What's the remedy? I don't remember anything in the Bushman's Medical Handbook about people hunted to death. Whisky?"

He tried it, but the liquor trickled out of the man's blue lips. Even when lifted up and laid on the floor in the fresh sea breeze, he did not revive. Blades flung wide the door of the hut, careless of onlookers. Not hound nor hunter could hurt this creature—now.

A shadow fell in the open doorway. The shape of it told him what he was going to see before he lifted his head.

Tnma stood there. Her great wig of hair, soft as feathers, shook in the wind from the sea. Her little grass petticoat, the only garment she wore, waved like weeds in water. It was a cool and beautiful morning, a day on which to live and love, to count the rich and many years ahead.

The man lay dying. Blades knew it now. Tnma knew it. Her little face was yellow pale as she crouched on the mats beside the splendid creature who had been driven to death. She rocked herself and whimpered like some small furry thing that mourns in the dark of the forest at night.

Blades watched her, and a sudden temptation seized him. He was a rich man among these islanders. A small share of the trade goods that were coming would buy him Tnma from her family. This girl was unmarried—he knew it by her long, upstanding hair, her shell and shell-money ornaments. No doubt the man who lay panting out his life there had not yet paid for her; the goods had not been delivered. A high price would be put on a girl like Tnma by her family, and they would want it down on the nail.

Why should he not buy her? Blades had resolved to keep no native housekeeper, no native wife. Up to the present he had seen no looks in any Yela girl that might have tempted him to change his mind. But Tnma was as pretty as a Samoan princess. Why shouldn't he—

The man on the floor flung out his arms in a quivering spasm. Almost immediately they sank and fell. His head rolled to one side and he became very still. From Tnma's lover, love and life had passed.

Blades left the girl crooning and sobbing on the floor of the hut, and went forth to sun himself on the beach.

"She's not like other native girls," he thought. "She's got some mind, some heart, besides her looks. Well, give her time. . . ."

When he came back to the hut, Tnma was gone, and so was the pitiful corpse. By the deep pressure of little feet in the damp earth, and the marks of stiff, trailing heels down to the sea, Blades knew how and whither the dead man had departed.

"Is one of them to marry her?" Mbh shook his head; uttered one native word. Blades knew it, and it made his blood run cold.

SOME few days later, Blades, his store half filled with new trade goods, went down the beach to the native village. He knew where Tnma lived by this time; he had learned a good deal about her from Mbh. The dead man, it seemed, though betrothed, had been slow in paying up. Tnma was high priced; her family counted on her to make them rich; she would not wed soon.

"All the better," commented something deep down in Blades' mind. She deserved something better than a native. She was rare, fine, plucky, as well as pretty. A white man's wife, if ever a native girl was such. Mbh was fond of her—anyone could see that—but she wasn't meant for Mbh. . . .

Outside the low pitched sago hut where Tnma and her brothers lived, Blades thought he recognized the preliminaries of a feast. A band of men stood waiting for something, silent, patient, outside. There seemed to be a pig in the middle of it, fighting. They were trussing it up to carry it away. Suddenly it screamed, and—it was not a pig.

"My God, they're going to kill her!" he thought and leaped forward.

Mbh was there, a face three shades blacker than usual. Tnma was there, lying on the ground, her hands and feet tied.

"What they doing?" Blades demanded fiercely.

"Altogether this man he buyem. Flenty payem, flenty," answered Mbh.

"Is one of them to marry her?"

Mbh shook his head; uttered one native word. Blades knew it, and it made his blood run cold.

The men had subscribed to purchase little Tnma; were going to live upon her beauty. . . .

From the fettered girl came a despairing wail. She turned her head to look at Blades.

"Mbh," said the trader, holding himself together with an immense effort, "you must talk to her people for me.

"Tell them that they are not to do this. Tell them that I am rich, and I will buy Tnma for far more than these men could give."

Mbh translated.

The family made answer after consultation. It would take nothing less for Tnma than the whole contents of Blades' store.

"Damn it," said Blades, losing his temper, "what do they reckon I'm going to live on, and where am I to live, if they ruin me?"

Mbh explained that the family didn't care a curse. They recommended him to make up his mind quickly; the purchasing syndicate was getting sore, and there might be trouble.

Away! Yes, if he lost his goods, the goods that stood between him and an ignominious return to town and job, he might as well go—away. But could he take Tnma? To Samarai, to Sydney? He knew that he could not. To buy the girl was to lose the whole life he had planned.

"It's no good," shrieked the selfish little spirit that lives hidden in all of us. "You can't do anything. Where could she go?"

"Tagula, twenty miles away," answered Blades' other self. "Mbh knows Tagula; would like to go there with her."

"She's fond of you, not him."

"A native's not a white girl. She'd forget me quick and easily."

"And you'd beggar yourself to save Tnma?"

"Damn it, I don't want to; I hate it! But I—"

He looked once more up and down the beach. Before the eyes of Blades rose a vision of the Mosman ferry coming in to the quay—the office maps and the plans—the customers. He groaned. "Come to the store," he said. "I'll pay for her; they shall have what they want."

The family began cutting through the strips of bark that bound the wrists and ankles of little Tnma: little Tnma, who was crying louder than ever—but this time with joy.

. . . . . .

Richard Blades will sell you a plot in the newest seaside suburb; will skin you in the process, if he can. Heather, his wife, is a good little soul, but extravagant.

As for his dream—have not you and I lost ours?

THE END

"It was the happiest moment of my life!"

Kansas City, Mo.

"A BATHING BEAUTY CONTEST was held in our city, the winner to receive the title, 'Miss Kansas City.'

"I was run down and underweight. My digestion was bad and I was very nervous—probably due to poor elimination.

"My physician advised fresh Yeast. I ate it—3 cakes a day, dissolved in water. In two weeks my elimination and digestion were better, my nerves had quieted and my weight had righted itself. I felt fine.

"Well, I won over 200 girls, receiving the unanimous vote of the judges for beauty of face and form. *It was the happiest moment of my life.*

"I then went to Atlantic City, to take part in the National Bathing Beauty Contest. I arrived with the required weight, a complexion the judges termed 'peaches and cream' and an unlimited amount of pep—which I surely needed to stand the strain of a solid week of judging. Thanks again to Fleischmann's Yeast, I finished third in the Atlantic City finals." MARGUERITE JORDAN.

Wins title, "MISS KANSAS CITY", *in beauty competition . . . Read her story at left*

"I learned to ride as I learned to walk," says MISS RITA LAROY. *Who will doubt it in the face of the testimony above? Miss LaRoy writes:*

"THE 'GREAT OPEN SPACES' were my first school. At an early age I was taken by my father to live on a large ranch. Before I was ten years old I was riding the plains with a .22 automatic strapped to my saddle. Breaking in ponies was a regular thing for me. One year I rode in the annual stampede. Then—my father died. The ranch grew unbearably lonely. I came to the city to live. But in spite of my hardy childhood life I gradually became run down, suffering with constipation and frequent colds. Every winter I seemed to get worse. I was distressed . . . Three years ago I began eating Fleischmann's Yeast. Next winter I didn't have a single bad cold. My constipation was helped too. I am now one of the healthiest people about."

RITA LAROY, *Hollywood, Calif.*

AS FRESH as any vegetable, Fleischmann's Yeast is a pure health *food*. Where cathartics bring but temporary relief Fleischmann's Yeast keeps your whole intestinal tract active, clean. Frees you from the constipation that daily saps your vigor and health.

As elimination becomes more regular, more complete, new stores of energy are released. Indigestion gives way. Skin troubles vanish. Your whole outlook on life brightens.

Buy 2 or 3 days' supply of Fleischmann's Yeast at a time from your grocer and keep in any cool, dry place. Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. R-56, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.

"I was placed in a very embarrassing position," writes WILLIAM BLAKENEY. *His letter follows:*

"IN MY WORK with one of the largest photographic studios in the world, I meet hundreds of people every day. Naturally it was particularly embarrassing to me when my face broke out in pimples. Various soaps and ointments didn't help. A boil broke out on my skin. I couldn't sleep. Then more boils, leaving ugly scars—what was I to do?

"The advice of a former classmate was 'Fleischmann's Yeast.' I tried it, and in a month the improvement was wonderful. My skin cleared up. I felt great. Yeast surely was a life-saver to me—I can't praise it enough!"

WILLIAM BLAKENEY, Newtonville, Mass.

Easy, natural—this new way to health, to greater zest in living

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it just plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold) or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians recommend drinking one cake in a glass of hot water—not scalding—before each meal and before going to bed. And train yourself to form a regular daily habit.

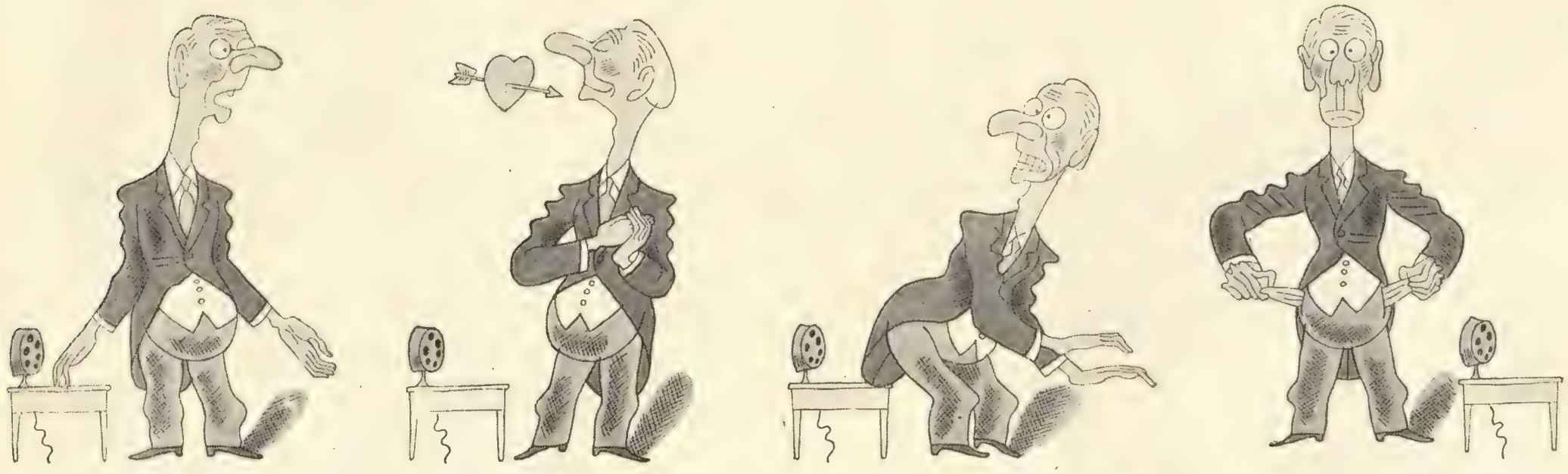
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

The Candidate's Song

(Air: "Just Before the Battle, Mother")



Just be-fore the bal-lot, vot-ers, That's when I think most of you; I've a wife and sev-en chil-dren, And I'm far from well-to-do.

Ask me not of Pro-hib-i-tion While you've got the up-per hand; Let us dwell on oth-er is-sues — Those you do not un-der-stand.

CHORUS

Not that I'm a-fraid of heck-ling; My staunch stand none can {up-set. de-cry.} None will fail to rec-og-nize me As a fear-less, clean-cut {wet. dry.}

AN emotional close-up of Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell in Street Angel.

Keeping Up with JANET

Hollywood Seeks Rivals for Miss Gaynor's Wistful Charm

A Movie Review by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 3 minutes 27 seconds.)

REMEMBER *Diane* and her sweetheart, *Chico*, that very remarkable fellow, of Seventh Heaven? They have moved from the top floor of their Paris tenement to the first floor back of a tiny apartment under the smoke of Vesuvius. True, they are now known as *Angela* and *Gino* and the new film is Street Angel.

Hollywood always is indulging in a mad game of follow the leader. Any success means a dozen imitations. Producers even try to duplicate their own hits. Thus, Wings has its Legion of the Condemned, Beau Geste has its Beau Sabreur, and now Seventh Heaven has its Street Angel.

William Fox, who accidentally hit upon two celluloid newcomers, Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, for Seventh Heaven, selected the same team to try it again in Street Angel, which is more or less remotely adapted from Monckton Hoffe's frail little play, Lady Cristilinda. The same director, Frank Borzage, was assigned to repeat his hit.

Thus Street Angel has everything—but the fine surprise of its predecessor. Many things have happened in the interim. Little Miss Gaynor has appeared in that much talked about movie, Sunrise, and she was for a long time deadlocked with her boss, Herr Fox, over her salary. Miss Gaynor felt that the few hundred she received every Saturday night was an ill reward for her success. Mr. Fox felt that he had taken a chance with Miss Gaynor and deserved to cash in on her hit. There was a time when it appeared that the dove of peace would never descend upon the Fox lot. It did, however, and Miss Gaynor received at least a part of her demands.

Mr. Farrell, when he played *Chico*, was just a boy let loose in his first big rôle. He was still surprised at himself and he still drove a battered Ford. Now he is a Young Man Who Has Arrived. He gets a raft of fan mail and his heart interests are the talk of the young film flappers who assemble daily at the Montmartre, the Hollywood restaurant where the screen famous watch their diets and their scandal with anxious attention.

Probably it was not easy for Miss Gaynor and Mr. Farrell to repeat that first fine flare of young romance as it revealed itself in Seventh Heaven. Besides, Street Angel is not as good a story. It is, in fact, rather long and cumbersome.

Angela is a waif of Naples. She is arrested for soliciting on the streets. Angela is trying to get money for her dying mother, but she is sentenced to a year in the workhouse.

Escaping, she is shielded by the members of a little roving circus. In time, Angela becomes their chief attraction.

Presently to this merry caravan comes *Gino*, a vagabond painter. The inevitable occurs.

Gino and *Angela* are to be married, when the arm of the law reaches out and puts the little circus girl in the workhouse to serve her sentence. The embittered *Gino*, of course, goes to the dogs. But in the end the two meet in a cathedral under the very picture the boy had painted of his sweetheart.

It is a slender but complicated yarn, held up by beautiful photography and excellent composition, along with the disarming charm of the wistful Janet Gaynor. This little girl from Philadelphia is easily the best bet revealed in Hollywood in several years. There is a lovely quality to her playing, which, for all its immaturity, is singularly appealing.

Mr. Farrell is less successful as *Gino*. The intervening months have brought something of calculation to his work.

However, the Gaynor-Farrell team is still pre-eminent in enacting young love in springtime. The Hollywood magnates are at their wit's end in developing similar teams. Paramount is trying to force over the Fay Wray-Gary Cooper combination. Others are being groomed. The studio carpenters are breaking up all the black and gold vampire boudoirs and constructing pretty daisy fields. Youth will be served this season in Hollywood.

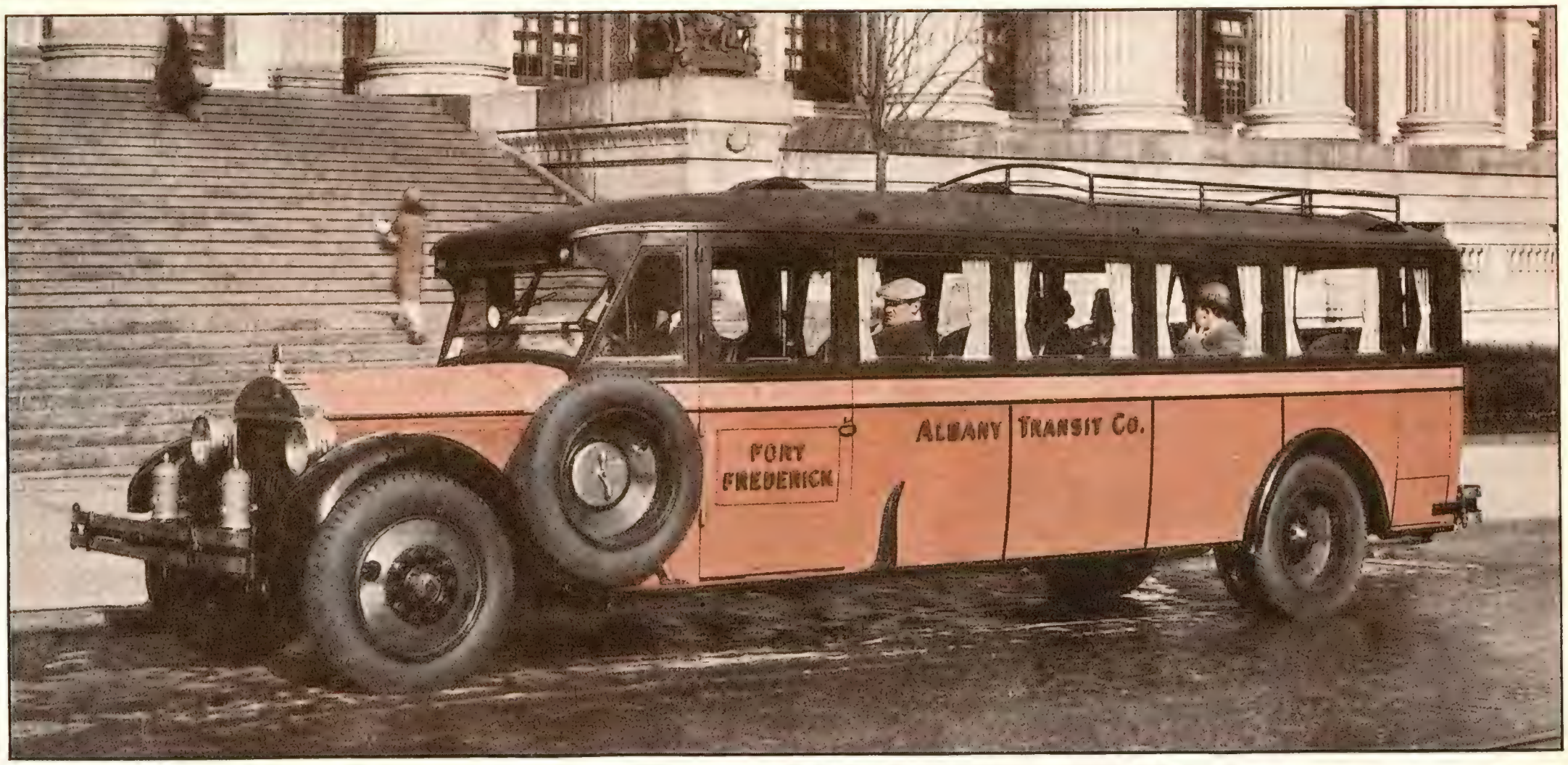
The camera work of Street Angel runs rampant on angles, moving shots, and fog scenes. Indeed, Street Angel is an example of the Fox studios at their artiest.

For its New York and many other showings, Street Angel has a Movietone background. O Sole Mio is the motif. Street singers carol it in the shadows, and the young Neapolitan lovers whistle the refrain to each other down the dingy halls of their dwelling place. The big heart tug comes when *Angela*, being led away by the police, bravely whistles the melody through her sobs in order that the unsuspecting *Gino* may not know of her arrest.

Do you know that—

Janet Gaynor would make a delightful *Prunella?* . . . While we are making suggestions, what about Jack Gilbert as *The Chocolate Soldier*, with von Stroheim directing? . . . Or Ronald Colman in the part he has long wanted to do, *Sydney Carton* in A Tale of Two Cities?

THE arm of the law reaches into the gypsy circus for Angela, to put her back in the workhouse.



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The Miller Rubber Company,
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We cover approximately 49,000 miles each month, and out of the total of 114 tires rolling, there has been only one tire discarded, and that one only recently. The entire lot have given us the least possible trouble in regard to punctures, and your servicing has been above reproach. My tire cost is just one-third of what it was before I used Miller Tires.

I might add here that I am thoroughly convinced that your Geared-to-the-Road tread is the best for non-skidding that I have ever been able to find.

(Signed) R. B. Hayes, President
ALBANY TRANSIT COMPANY

R. B. Hayes
PRESIDENT

Albany Transit Company

MILLER TIRES, in this hardest of all tire service, have done more than simply justify the confidence of the Albany Transit Company executives. They have added security and comfort of travel and contributed tangibly to this public service in which they have played so vital a part—*the business of hauling thousands with train-like regularity.*

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GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD

GOOD VENTILATION IS ONLY GOOD BUSINESS

BAD AIR IS BAD BUSINESS

•• IN EVERY INDUSTRY

There's Marie, the cigar roller, who is so fed up on tobacco dust by noon that she can hardly see her work bench.

There's Joe, down in the sorting room, choking and coughing so hard that he can't tell a poor leaf from a good one.

The floor women are grouchy—the packers always tired.

This manufacturer's costs are constantly rising—his sales falling off—cigar prices are on the downward trend.

Yet a competitor is making a million cigars a day—and another has just produced a Panatella for a nickel.

What's the answer?

Proper air conditioning is of vital importance in the making of cigars just as it is in industries that have steam processes—pickling vats—machine shops—grinding departments—welding processes—or in plants where terrific heat, gases, bad air and fumes are prevalent.

American Blower Electric ventilating equipment—sold by electrical and ventilating contractors everywhere—costs no more to install, in many instances, than good lighting equipment.

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Ship Holds	10 minutes
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Laundries	5 minutes
Theatres	5 to 10 minutes
Garages	5 minutes
Dining Rooms	5 to 15 minutes
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Foundries	5 to 10 minutes
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* This table is based on climatic conditions in Central United States. Other tables for specific localities are available.

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Tapped Wires

"Listening In" at Washington in the Tense Days of 1916

By

WILLIAM J. FLYNN.
Wartime Chief of the
United States Secret Service

(Reading time: 22 minutes 17 seconds.)

IN 1915, two years before this country entered the World War, the United States Secret Service tapped the telephone wires of the German and Austrian embassies in Washington. Thereafter I received each night a stenographic report of every conversation, trivial and important, of the previous twenty-four hours.

Through the secret information thus obtained, the State Department was able to outwit the German Foreign Office in the bitterly waged diplomatic battle that preceded our declaration of war. Using leads supplied by official wire tappers, the Secret Service was able to keep a close watch on the German government's prewar activities. Some of the information that came over tapped wires contributed as much as any other factor to our ultimate breaks with Germany and Austria.

Women high in social life figured very largely in the conversations recorded by our "listening-in" stations. However, we were not interested in what these women said, but in what they heard from indiscreet diplomats.

The thousands of words turned out by stenographers for the Secret Service ran largely to gossip—dull, interesting, spicy, naughty, and —occasionally—important. Some of this gossip supplied President Wilson and Secretary Lansing with information that proved of enormous value in playing the diplomatic game with the Central Powers.

A divorce lawyer could have scanned our reports and found material enough to keep him busy for months. They contain enough highly colored material to produce several volumes of memoirs, each capable of shaming the Mirrors of Washington into the bedtime-story class.

Late in 1916 there was a persistent report that a "peace note" had been started from Berlin. Nobody could get any definite information. Even the State Department was without information, and was troubled. There was much excitement, particularly in Wall Street.

Confidences exchanged by women and Teutonic diplomats were a fruitful source of information.

Brown Brothers photos

Count von Bernstorff, the Kaiser's last Ambassador to the United States.

The "bathing picture" of Germany's Ambassador that caused a furor in diplomatic circles.

One day a young woman of New York City, the wife of a broker, telephoned an official of the German embassy.

SHE: Hello, honey.

HE: Good morning.

SHE: Is there anything new about the—you know? The possibilities?

HE: No; everything is all right.

SHE: You know what I mean?

HE: Yes, I know.

SHE: I mean the peace thing.

HE: Well, that is still open.

SHE: You don't think anything will come out of it soon, do you? I wanted to know on account of the market.

HE: I perfectly understand, and I will let you know as soon as I learn anything definite.

M. Bakhmetev, Russian Ambassador, who used the Bernstorff photograph in Allied propaganda.

But there is nothing definite at the present moment.

THIS cleared up many things. We knew, from many previous instances, that the information the young woman received from the embassy was invariably correct; and we surmised that if the embassy really knew nothing about it, no peace note had been started from Berlin.

One of the most prolific and reliable founts of knowledge was the daily chat of one of Count von Bernstorff's aides and a woman in New York who was having trouble with her husband. We shall call him "Baron Karl" and her "Mrs. Brown." She thought very highly of the Baron —to the point of suggesting that he really was

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[TAPPED WIRES
Continued from page nineteen]

the brains of the embassy. He deprecated this and told all he and Bernstorff were doing to avert a break with America. Their sessions cost the Imperial German Government from eighteen to twenty dollars each and kept the Secret Service unusually well informed.

On March 1, 1916, they talked about the threat of Congress to pass a resolution warning Americans to stay off armed passenger vessels, and President Wilson's determination to prevent such an action.

SHE: Are you staying there on account of the complications?

HE: Oh, no. As long as they are quarreling among themselves there is nothing for us to do here.

SHE: Don't you think it is a question of money?

HE: How a question of money?

SHE: Well, don't you think you can buy up the ones you want—buy up Congress?

HE: Oh, we couldn't interfere that way. We have to keep quiet for the moment and await what the outcome will be.

The next day Mrs. Brown had slept on the idea of bribing Congress and was more than ever convinced that was the thing to do.

SHE: I still think it is a matter of money.

HE: I don't think that.

On Friday, March 3, the Senate tabled the Gore resolution warning Americans off armed merchantmen, which was what the President wanted.

The House was to vote on the question the following Tuesday. On Saturday, March 4, a mysterious gentleman who gave the name of—Murphy, let's call him—telephoned the German Ambassador. He was connected with Baron Schoen, the secretary of the embassy.

MURPHY: It is an important matter and should be attended to before next Tuesday.

SCHOEN: Just what is it about? The Ambassador is away.

MURPHY *(reluctantly)*: It is about Congress.

SCHOEN: Well, I will be here this afternoon.

MURPHY: I'll come about four-thirty.

Mr. Murphy did go up at 4:30 to the German embassy, followed by one of my men. Meantime we had learned all about him.

The day following Murphy's visit to the embassy, Count von Bernstorff talked from New York to Prince Hatzfeldt, one of his aides.

COUNT: About this gentleman who called on you yesterday and wanted money. In my opinion, we must not do that. In the first place, I do not know the man well enough; then, also, the sum he asks is altogether too large.

PRINCE: That is what I thought also.

COUNT: Yes, it is too dangerous. If it should ever get out, there would be the devil to pay.

Mrs. Brown got quite a thrill out of the rôle of amateur diplomat and her affair with the dashing Baron. But now, I believe, she has returned to the routine of a dignified, unassailable member of the upper reaches of society.

IN Washington it was the "Cave Dwellers," members of the innermost aristocracy, that figured in these wire-tapping chronicles. One of the most constant and trusted friends of Count von Bernstorff was Mrs. Eunice Hanford (the name is fictitious), a lovable, matronly woman who had the desire, the time, and the money to entertain.

Her home was a sanctuary for couples who wanted to have a quiet talk without loosing the tongues of gossip or the wrath of spouses. She would invite them to tea—and then excuse herself because of a headache. When the diplomats retired, beaten and baffled by the State Department, she soothed and comforted them.

Once she imagined she had pumped Secretary Lansing for the benefit of Count Tarnowski, the Austrian Ambassador, who was never received by this government. He was a pathetic figure. He could not speak for his government. He did not know whether he would be received by the President, which formality would give him the power to function. Count Tarnowski was bewailing his sorry lot to Mrs. Hanford.

SHE: How soon do you suppose you will be straightened out?

HE: Oh, I don't know that. I am afraid it will last.

SHE: Now, tomorrow night I may get some news for you. The Secretary of State is dining with me tomorrow night. I may be able to find out something from him—I mean as to the length of time, or something, before you will be straightened out.

HE: That would be very interesting. I would appreciate it very much.

SHE: Lansing talks to me very frankly whenever I see him.

The next morning a copy of this report was laid on Secretary Lansing's desk.

The day after, Count Tarnowski called Mrs. Hanford.

SHE: I had a good talk with Lansing. He talked very encouragingly.

HE: You think there will be no break at once?

SHE: No. He said he was extremely sorry for you and felt terribly about it. But he said the situation was such they could do nothing else about it, but he hoped it would be all right.

© Henry Miller

The German embassy at Washington.

HE: That is what he said?

SHE: But he said all sorts of nice things about you. He said he thought you were so charming and all, and regretted they could not do anything else. He feels so sorry for you, but thought you understood the situation.

HE: That is fine. Thank you, Mrs. Hanford.

Thus did Secretary Lansing meet the test of a diplomat—to say nothing in a polite manner.

No memoirs of Washington—not even the memoirs of a wire tapper—are really complete without an Alice Longworth anecdote.

A delicate situation had developed in the early part of 1916 over Germany's submarine campaign. I had gone to the listening-in station myself on the chance of learning something of value. It was with a tense expectancy that I heard Count von Bernstorff take down the receiver of his private wire and call a Washington number. He got Mrs. Hanford.

COUNT: Good morning, Eunice.

EUNICE: This is a great pleasure, Count B.

COUNT: Then Alice is going to drop out of the dinner?

EUNICE: No, unfortunately. She asked if you were coming, and I said of course. She said she didn't think it would be pleasant for you two to meet, "because he knows my feelings and they are deep and intense." Then she started abusing the administration, and I said: "Alice, I have lived in Washington a good many years and no one can accuse me of ever having abused the administration or the President of the United States." Then she said: "Oh, yes, that is easy for you to say—you are a Democrat." I said: "No, I am not a Democrat, but I don't believe in people abusing the President of the United States." Then she said I had mentioned her father with Mr. Wilson, and I asked her if her father was not a candidate. She said he was not, and I asked her if he would refuse the nomination if it was offered to him, but she wouldn't answer. So finally I told her that as she was bound to be near Bernstorff she had better not come.

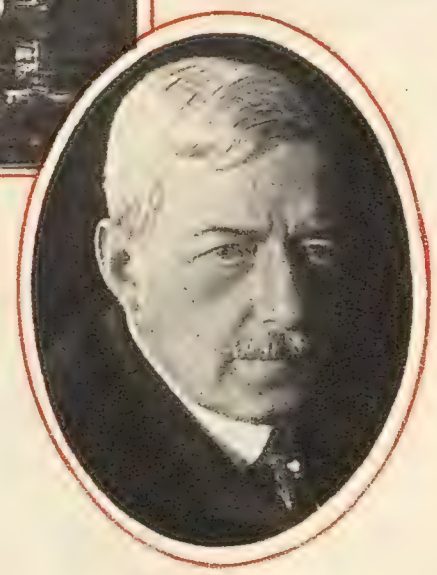
President Wilson reading his wo

COUNT: And what is she going to do?

EUNICE: Oh, she's coming. She said she had always dined with M——.

COUNT: You know, what probably made her cross was that I dined with Nick three days ago at the club. I am not sure she knows it, but she probably does.

EUNICE: Well, I asked her if you and Nick weren't friends, and she said: "I don't know and, furthermore, I don't give a damn."



Brown Bros. photo

Robert Lansing, wartime Secretary of State.

ORDINARILY, it is against the law to tap telephone wires and you can be sent to jail for doing it. The Secret Service got government authority to tap the wires in the German and Austrian embassies. The procedure was approved by the State Department and carried out by the best telephone men in America.

It was no crude job of climbing telephone poles at midnight. We rented an apartment, and the telephone men led the wires in and hooked them up so that we had a telephone matching every telephone in the two embassies.

When a receiver was taken down in the embassy a light flashed in the Secret Service apartment. When a phone bell rang in the embassy one rang in our apartment.

Four stenographers worked in relays, all of them expert linguists, for we had to deal with German, French, Hungarian, Spanish, Swiss, and occasionally Dutch. Three copies of the daily report were made: one for the State Department, one for the Secret Service, and one copy for my own use.

I don't know whether President Wilson was shown any of the reports, but he knew they were being made. If he saw all of them, that would explain why he warned Colonel House, as the latter relates in his Intimate Papers, to avoid Bernstorff.

On New Year's Day, 1916, when he was troubled over the sinking of the Persia and the

consequent diplomatic problems, the German Ambassador found time to telephone half a dozen women and pay his respects.

His first call was to Mrs. Hanford.

B.: I missed you at Mrs. Blair's party, but you didn't miss much. There was an awful crowd there.

H.: Someone told me that you didn't look well—that you look worried.

B.: Who told you? Who saw me? Perhaps I looked worried because I was so bored at that party.

© Brown Bros.

essage to Congress in 1917.

H.: Did you know that Emily Blair has an idea that X—— [an American girl who married a title] is interested in that Englishman?

B.: Well, I couldn't believe it, but she told me so herself. It may have been a joke—you never can tell.

H.: Her mother called me up the other day and said, "What do you think? X—— has got a new one. She has this Englishman hanging around her with one bad leg, no money, no sense, and a child fifteen years old. I am not going to support any more helpless husbands for her."

B.: Well, she told me she was going to marry one or the other.

H.: But she can't get married: she has no divorce.

B.: Her mother will get her a divorce.

H.: Her mother tells me she will do nothing of the sort.

B.: I suppose, then, that is why she asked me to write to —— and get some news of her husband. I found that he was stationed at a depot and in no danger of being killed. She seemed so disappointed.

Then Count Bernstorff telephoned X——.

B.: Are you alone or do I compromise you by talking?

X.: I am alone, and you don't compromise me—not much, anyway.

B.: Mrs. H. told me you had some trouble [a row with her mother], and I wanted to tell you how sorry I am.

X.: You are an angel. You are always an angel.

B.: I saw Mrs. W—— the other night, and she talked a lot about you. She said you were the most beautiful woman in Washington, and I quite agree with her.

X.: Well, how are things coming along? But no use to ask. I see you are doing perfectly wonderfully, and I don't like it.

B.: Well, tell me. Could I suggest to Mrs. H. to invite you to dinner tomorrow night?

X.: I would love to go if I could see you.

B.: And I must see you. I heard you were very much occupied. I live only for politics now. I am a changed man.

X.: Oh, I knew you would have your own way. You told me once that you knew you could manipulate these amateur diplomats if you ever had to, and I see you have had your own way.

B.: So you think I have had my own way?

X.: I know you have—and I don't like it.

Then Mme. Z—— called to remind the Count he was to come to dinner on Friday.

Z.: I have asked you to come and meet the love of your heart [an opera singer he had known in Europe].

B.: Oh, Lord! Is she coming?

Z.: Either Wednesday or Thursday.

B.: Then I suppose I shall have to give her a dinner Saturday or Sunday.

Z.: Have you forgiven me for my fairy tales?

B.: Of course. I hope you will always tell me such stories, because I like to hear what people say about me. But, since people already accuse me of murder and arson, I think that [adultery] is a comparatively pardonable sin.

International photo

Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, widow of the President.

© Clinedinst from Brown Bros.

Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth in 1916.

Z.: Did you go to the theater in New York?

B.: Yes, I saw The Great Lover.

Z.: That applies to you.

B.: No, because he never stopped, and I have stopped.

Z.: Oh, you will never stop, even if you live to be a hundred.

B.: But I have stopped.

Z.: Perhaps you have taken a rest—but not stopped. You needed a rest.

Perhaps Mme. Z—— knew what she was talking about. At any rate, Count Bernstorff, a few days later, telephoned X—— (the American girl who married a title). They discussed a dinner at the Belmonts' and then Count Bernstorff said he would ask Mrs. Hanford to invite her there to dine with him—alone.

IN October, 1916, Peter Gerry was nominated for United States Senator. He was a friend of Mrs. Hanford, and she hastened to tell Bernstorff the news of his nomination.

H.: You know Peter has been nominated?

B.: Oh, is that so? Nominated for what?

H.: For United States Senator. He is the Democratic nominee and runs against Lippitt.

B.: Has he any chance?

H.: Not the slightest. But he says there is no one else to do it.

B.: Oh, that is too bad that he hasn't a chance. Imagine the Lippitts having a new baby and him not being elected [*laughing*].

H.: Yes, that would be funny, but Peter hasn't a chance. He said the people have stood by him when he wanted anything and he feels he should work for the cause now. Of course, Mathilde is furious. You know, Peter is one of the kind that won't let money be spent except what is open and aboveboard.

But within the next six weeks strange things happened. What Peter had cast on the waters as a sacrifice to party came floating back on the tide of victory. Count Bernstorff telephoned Mrs. Hanford to congratulate her.

H.: Yes. Wasn't it fine? I tell you, Lippitt is just beside himself with rage. You know, he talked so terribly about Peter.

B.: I should think he would be. Well, I see Hughes has also decided to congratulate the President.

DURING one of his trips to New York Count Bernstorff had gone swimming and during the course of the afternoon posed with two ladies of the party. The pose was—well, call it informal.

The first we knew of it was in late October, 1916. The record of that day had this entry:

12:10—Studio of Harris & Ewing calling: woman asked for Prince Hatzfeldt and said she had something important for him.

SHE: This is Miss —— of Harris & Ewing and I want to tell you something important. The Russian Ambassador was just in the studio —you know whom I mean?

P. H.: Yes.

SHE: I am not in the studio now, but am talking from a private booth next door. Well, the Russian Ambassador had a photograph of His Excellency Count von Bernstorff in his bathing suit, between two girls in their bathing suits. It is a large picture, evidently enlarged from a small negative. I don't know what he is going to use it for, but I wanted to let you know.

P. H.: Yes, thank you very much.

SHE: The Russian Ambassador seemed very happy about it, and, naturally, you know my sentiments. It got me upset. I thought maybe he wanted to use it for publication.

The photograph appeared in the London *Sketch*, under the title, "The Dignified Ambassador," and later was reprinted in several Canadian newspapers. A copy of the *Sketch* reached Mrs. Brown, the New York matron who was in love with Baron Karl. She told him about it in one of the almost daily talks they had by long distance.

SHE: Somebody sent me a picture of Mr. Lewis [Bernstorff] and it is an awful picture. It is with two women.

HE: Oh, that one! You know who put it in the papers? It was Bakhmetev, the Russian Ambassador. Could you send it to me? Because Mr. Lewis has not seen it yet. He heard from a girl at the photographer's here that Bakhmetev had it and had copies made. It must have been done two years ago, because he says the whole of last year he was not in the water.

SHE: Oh, it is disgusting! He had his arms around Mrs. White and the other one.

HE: At least in Boston [England] they will see that he is not quite, quite, quite—I mean worn down. Can you send it to me? He was a little bit vexed, but not very much.

SHE: I should think he would be, because they put it in the *Sketch* and under it "The Dignified Ambassador."

The following day, after he had seen the picture clipped from the *Sketch*, Bernstorff received a call from Mrs. White in New York.

SHE: Hello, Hun, this is Alice White. The New York papers have got hold of that picture that was in the *Sketch* and they have been up here to interview me. Archibald [her husband] said he thought he could do something through the State Department to prevent them from publishing it.

COUNT: That would be rather difficult.

SHE: Well, I don't want my picture in all the papers. They are going to write it up here in New York.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[TAPPED WIRES
Continued from page twenty-one]

COUNT: I find in this country the newspapers will publish anything they please.

One day a woman called up the German embassy and asked for Count von Bernstorff. She was connected with Prince Hatzfeldt.

SHE: I am Mrs. ——— from New York. I have some important documents for the Ambassador. I must see him personally.

P. H.: He is not here. Why can't you tell me about them, or mail them?

SHE: Oh, I couldn't do that. It refers to matters my husband learned on the other side. I must explain it personally.

P. H.: Well, you can send it to me. I know all about your matter. The Ambassador told me he had talked to you in New York.

SHE: Please tell me your name, then.

P. H.: Prince Hatzfeldt.

SHE: Oh! Then I am speaking to a real live prince at last? I have wanted to talk to a prince all my life. But really, can't I come to the embassy? No one would know me.

P. H.: Don't deceive yourself. The men who watch the embassy all the time learn who everyone is.

SHE: Well, I won't write about it. Please excuse me for disturbing you. And if I have addressed you in the wrong way, please forgive me, for I have been in this rough, uncultured America so long that I have forgotten how to address royalty.

Others were not so flippant with the titled diplomats. The younger diplomats stepped about quite a bit. For them diplomacy was a matter to be attended to from about ten to three.

Baron S—— telephoned to Miss B——.

HE: This is a friend of yours that you met at Rauscher's.

SHE: Who are you? What is your name?

HE: The friend of Baron H——.

SHE: Oh, yes.

HE: Could I see you at Rauscher's tonight? I will meet you at the corner of Connecticut Avenue and L.

SHE: All right, *dear;* I'll be there.

Shortly before Bernstorff was handed his passports a man was arrested in Washington for winding up an argument with a friend by saying, "To hell with the President!" I think he was in jail several weeks. The incident caused a lot of excitement.

© Harris & Ewing

A night view of the nation's Capitol.

SOME of the women who were friendly with the German and Austrian diplomats held much the same sentiments about President Wilson and his whole administration, and that feeling did not stop with his political actions, but extended to his personal habits, the White House entertainments, and even to Mrs. Wilson.

Our stenographers heard a lot of "Wilson stories" and *bon mots,* which is society for wise cracks, about the President.

Baron Karl and Mrs. Brown used up much time and many marks gossiping about the White House. They talked about twenty dollars' worth nearly every day from Washington to her home near New York. Her favorite name for the President was "that crook," and the President and Secretary of State Lansing were "those crooks."

"The understanding is the President is convinced his only chance now of getting back in the White House is to do something about peace," Karl told her one day.

SHE: Well, you can never tell what those crooks are going to do from one day to the other. I heard that a man went to see the President and the servant told him to wait a while as the President was upstairs changing his mind.

KARL: Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! Well, I am to go there for tea tomorrow unless he changes his mind.

SHE: Then you will see Mrs. Wilson and can tell me all about her.

HE: I am going to tell her I knew her predecessor very well. Don't you think that would be appropriate?

[They laughed forty cents' worth at this.]

SHE: I think Wilson's note [his ultimatum to Germany on submarine warfare] was disagreeable. I feel insulted. He has a lot to do to give your government a call-down.

HE: Well, our government will not answer.

SHE: Well, Lansing and Wilson make me sick. I wouldn't let him [Wilson] have anything at all to do with *the big thing* [peace conference] *later on.*

HE: But who else can we get? He is the only one.

SHE: Well, I wouldn't use him to wipe the floor with.

THE tone of Wilson's note annoyed some others besides Mrs. Brown. A few minutes after the newspapers published the text of the note the wife of one of the most prominent and powerful Senators in Washington, one of the "irreconcilables," telephoned the German Ambassador.

SHE: I only wanted to say I hoped your government would not pay any attention to the silly, garrulous, foolish prattle of that man in his last note.

HE: Oh, no. That is all right. They [Berlin] know all about that. They will not make any fuss over it.

SHE: It sounds like a foolish old schoolmaster making one last threat at his children.

HE: Well, it is intended for home consumption, you know.

SHE: But the home consumption will not be what he thinks it is going to be. Nobody is going to back him up in it. It is so silly. He has an idea, you know, that the world is waiting with bated breath to hear what he has to say.

Brown Bros. photo

Colonel E. M. House, President Wilson's confidant.

Whenever you wanted to be sure to get a laugh you only had to say:

"I was at the White House for tea."

The usual answer was, in the wire-tapping reports at least:

"Ho-ho-ho-ho! It must have been terribly funny."

But if the women found it funny to be invited to the White House, they found it distressing not to be invited. Maybe the President had been reading some of the things the good ladies said about his teas. Anyhow, 4,000 invitations to the White House were scattered throughout Washington on one occasion, and Mrs. Hanford was not included. She telephoned Bernstorff and urged him to get her an invitation.

To the credit of Bernstorff's reputation as a diplomat, it must be recorded that he got the invitation for Mrs. Hanford.

The Baron and his New York friend had a rather silly code that a schoolboy could have deciphered instantly. Bernstorff was "Mr. Lewis"; President Wilson, "Mr. Limerick"; Germany, "Chicago"; England, "Boston"; Colonel House, "Mr. Palace," "Mr. Column," "Mr. Stayer," or "The Friend"; Secretary Lansing, "Mr. Saber."

To assure himself that she was alone when he talked, Baron Karl would ask Mrs. Brown: "Are there any invitations?" [Other persons in the room.] His letters to her were personified as "Mr. Main," and hers, quite logically, as "Mrs. Main." They cloaked themselves under the titles of "Mr. and Mrs. Gray."

From them I learned the exact date of one of Bernstorff's appointments with House.

"Is there anything exciting?" she asked the Baron.

"No, nothing at all," he replied, "except that Mr. Lewis is going to see Mr. Palace in New York Sunday."

Colonel House had arrived from Europe March 5, and Bernstorff had gone to New York in an effort to see him before he came to Washington. House relates in his Intimate Papers that President Wilson had sent him a Marconi message warning him that Bernstorff was "laying for" him and advising him not to see him. Our daily reports of the embassy telephone conversations had informed the President of Bernstorff's trip to New York.

Bernstorff waited in New York several days, but House gave him the slip, and went to Washington. After he returned to New York the State Department telephoned Bernstorff and delivered this message:

"Colonel House says he was very sorry not to see you in New York. He hastened down here as quickly as possible and was so frightfully busy that he had no opportunity to see you, but hopes when you are in New York again you will let him know so that he can see you."

Meantime House, Secretary of State Lansing, and President Wilson had discussed the German situation.

ONE of the cleverest and most important of the Central Powers diplomats made frequent trips to New York to seek relaxation.

This diplomat was comforted and his diplomatic wounds dressed by a beautiful young matron in New York. He was clever enough to take her husband into the friendship, but I don't believe the husband knew as much about the affair as the State Department did. Otherwise the woman might have had to do some real first-aid work on the diplomat.

She lived in an apartment house opposite the New York hotel where the diplomat stopped on his visits there. We found he always insisted on a suite on the side of the hotel facing the apartment house, at about the same floor level as the woman's apartment. They had a system of signals by lowering and raising the window shades. When the curtain of the center window was completely lowered the message was: "Come on over—coast clear." If the curtains on the outer windows were completely lowered the message was: "O. K. to telephone me—nobody home."

We interested ourselves in this affair because the diplomat imagined the woman was his "inspiration" and talked with her freely of his plans to keep the United States mollified without giving up any of his government's war program—such as submarine warfare. When in Washington he telephoned her almost daily.

In repayment for the inspiration she supplied him the diplomat gave information useful in playing the stock market. The newspapers would carry pessimistic stories of an imminent break in relations between the United States and the Central Powers, and the market would react accordingly. Then the diplomat would assure the woman there was no danger of a break, and she would buy or sell accordingly. They had a code word, "Margot," which was "the situation."

"Is Margot as ill as reports indicate?" she would ask.

"Margot is convalescing rapidly and her recovery will be announced within a few days," he would reassure her, if his confidential information convinced him there would be no break.

THE END

He was upside down now—both guns playing on the white nose.

FED UP

The Story of a War Bird's Last Fight

By ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS

Pictures by CLAYTON KNIGHT

(Reading time: 23 minutes 27 seconds.)

HENRY was tired. He got up every morning tired. He wanted to go away to a quiet place where he could sleep for a month. He was so nervous now he couldn't stay in bed five minutes unless he was completely exhausted or dead drunk. Sleep? He would never sleep again.

For months now—it seemed years—he had been doing nothing but flying, drinking, and arguing with dumb girls. The likker sooner or later went to his head, the girls sooner or later gave in, and the flying sooner or later would bump him off. What was the use?

Five months he had been at the front now. Five months or five years—he'd forgotten which.

His ears were ruined, his eyes were strained until he couldn't read, and his heart beat around 100 in the air and 140 on the ground.

Somewhere in the back of his head was the picture of a big white house with a wide, shady lawn. He used to call it home. And so was there a memory of marble palaces and golden cities and turreted castles from the fairy tales. Was the big white house a part of them? He couldn't remember. His home now was in the clouds.

Years ago he had left his girl. His girl? Was that the same one the prince awakened with a kiss in the enchanted castle? He wasn't sure. What difference did it make? He was going on patrol in half an hour. His date was with Atropos. The Fokkers got two yesterday. Whose turn today?

That was a bad show yesterday. The Fokkers had a new leader, apparently a man of cunning, who had taken Richthofen's place. He knew how to fight Camels. Judge Wilmot had gone down in flames, and Ben Thomas had died in the ambulance after he got back to the field. Shot through the stomach and leg. He had flown back to his own field to die among friends.

Henry felt badly about that show. He wasn't leading it, but was up above, protecting, and he saw the disaster coming. The Hun leader had made a feint with half his patrol and then zoomed up as his other men came down. It was a dangerous thing to do, but it evidently had been carefully planned and rehearsed. It worked, and Henry had got only one doubtful bird to soothe his injured pride and ease the loss of Ben and Judge.

It wasn't his fault; it wasn't anybody's fault—give the Hun credit for something; but it was up to him to see that it didn't happen again. Maybe he might get revenge!

He had just landed after leading a patrol, and his feet seemed to drag as he walked into his office to take off his flying clothes. He told his sergeant to shoot the gunnery corporal at once—every time he'd get on a Fokker's tail his guns would jam. And get him a new buckle for his shoulder yoke so he could unfasten it in the air if he had to. You can't change gunlocks if you can't reach forward.

JOHNNY WARREN walked up to join him. Johnny was the flight commander of C Flight and had led the top flight of five machines above him.

"Say, for Pete's sake, use your head, Hank!" Johnny begged him. "I washed out another plane in that scrap today—all full of holes and one through my floor board. These Fokkers

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[FED UP
Continued from page twenty-three]

have got something now they haven't had before."

"Yes," Henry agreed. "I believe it's a new motor. There's been a rumor about it for some time. I hopped on some cold meat yesterday and he not only climbed away from me, but could turn right along with me. I didn't get a shot at him and he got two cracks at me—if you don't think they're good. I'll say they've got something! And the boy who was leading their formation was all to the mustard.

"But that stunt they pulled yesterday was overripe. If Judge had been a little quicker and climbed back toward me instead of going down after those first three, we'd have mopped up. I'm not blaming Judge—he's gone now, anyway—and nine times out of ten he'd have been right. He knew I could take care of myself and he didn't know the first ones had a new motor to zoom up so fast. I guess I'd have been sore as hell if he'd let them get away with their feint."

"Well, you know about these new motors now, so don't try to win the war every day. Leave a few Huns for the next generation to scrap with. I haven't got any grudge against the Hun as long as he's got the best motor. And Napoleon said that God was on the side of the most horse power. He spoke a mouthful."

"SUPPOSE you lead hereafter."

"No. I'd rather you'd lead. I'm not worried about your leading. You're the best patrol leader in this outfit and got the best eyes in France, but, for Pete's sake, don't be so pugnacious. There's no time limit on this war. Judge got his yesterday because he was trying to keep up with your pace, and he couldn't make the grade. It'll even get you before long. And when you go you'll snap like a straw. I'll stick by you till hell freezes over, but don't turn my hair gray with any more shows like that one last week. If they'd had these new motors last week you and me would either be guests of His Imperial Highness or His Plutonic Majesty."

"You need a rest, Johnny. Why don't you take it? You're getting stale."

"Who's going to keep the Huns off your tail while I take leave? Tubby is blind as a bat and has done lost what little guts he ever had."

"Well, thanks for sticking if it's on my account, but you'd be better off in the long run."

"If you'd take a rest I'd be all right. You're the baby that keeps me awake nights. Take a rest yourself. Ain't you got any nerves at all, you fish?"

"Don't know. I'm afraid to find out."

They walked over to the squadron office to make out combat reports.

HENRY was tired. He sank into the chair and couldn't remember what he was going to write. He had to ask Johnny the time, the height, and the number of Fokkers. He knew all this, but his mind was too tired to recall it.

Then he strolled down to the mess tent and looked at himself in the mirror behind the bar. His eyes and nose were red, with a coating of black carbon from the exhaust and burnt powder from the guns. His chin and cheeks were white where the helmet protected him.

God, he was tired! He had a highball and somebody handed him some mail: four papers and a dozen fat letters. He threw the papers in the wastebasket and stuck the letters in his pocket. Maybe he would read them later. No, he'd be damned if he would! Then he'd have to answer them. As long as he didn't read them he felt under no obligation to answer them.

He had another highball and started an argument with the gunnery officer who came bustling in to explain that the stoppages occurred because he didn't know how to handle his guns—probably let them get cold; fire too soon—

He walked off to finish his drink in peace and read *La Vie Parisienne.*

He had another highball and a couple of bottles of beer with lunch, and then slept until four. God, he was tired!

At five he was on patrol again. This time he was on top and Tubby White of A Flight was leading. The sun was with them now and the wind as well. The Huns had had enough for the day, and didn't fancy fighting with the sun in the west.

Tubby scared up a two-seater underneath the clouds and Henry had to stay up and watch while all five streaked down out of the sun, pounced on it, and shot it down in flames. He landed in disgust.

God, he was tired! He had not walked a mile in six weeks. He didn't even climb in and out of his machine without two men to assist him. He got into bed alone and lifted his own glass. That was all the exercise he got—yet he was dying of exhaustion.

THAT was the way he felt—tired. Tired all the time. Nervous? No. Just tired. Can't sleep. Can't eat. Drink gives me a headache. Just tired. Frightened? Never. Worried? Hell, no. Just tired. Fight all the time. All night. All day. Forever. My God—won't we ever do anything but fight? Nerves? No. Got nerves like iron. Just tired!

And now he had to have dinner with the British colonel. That meant another binge. Americans on the British front were expected to binge. They had a reputation to protect.

He and the C. O. arrived at the colonel's château at eight. The colonel, his adjutant, the wing gunnery officer, the wing equipment of-

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ficer, the wing intelligence officer, and the flight surgeon were all discussing the day's combat reports. Richthofen's old circus had accounted for fourteen British pilots, and there were four missing. Only one Fokker was known to be destroyed and three two-seaters. We had also lost three balloons.

That irked the colonel particularly. Not a very good day.

Henry had five cocktails with the colonel. The colonel was crying for vengeance. Henry was mourning for Ben. He could still see Ben being lifted out of his plane. Ben was mad about the matter. He was cursing the Kaiser when he died. Henry somehow felt ashamed that he wasn't mad too. Why was it he always killed in cold blood? He never took any joy in it. And very little interest now. Months before it had thrilled him; now it only tired him.

THE colonel wanted a whole flight to act as decoy. Henry admitted that as decoy he didn't have his equal, except in the German army, and he wasn't sure about that. The colonel asked him if he would go over with his flight and stay over long enough to get the whole Hun circus down on him.

"Sure," said Henry, looking about to see where the sixth cocktail was coming from. "If you give me enough planes up above to handle them when they do come down. No use having decoys if your gun isn't loaded. Napoleon said never to go into battle with a broken sword. Or was it Alexander? I don't know. Just like taking a girl to walk after a rain."

"How many do you think you'd need?" the colonel asked. "You can have all you can use."

"Give me fifteen Camels for the trap," Henry told him; "fifteen S. E.s up above the Camels to get the Fokkers; and ten Dolphins at twenty-two thousand to keep anything off the S. E.s."

"All right," said the colonel; "day after tomorrow morning. I'll have the S. E. and Dolphin majors bring their flight commanders over for a conference tomorrow afternoon. And if you don't get the Fokkers, don't bother to come back."

The general of the brigade came in with his adjutant. Henry had five cocktails with the general. They were old friends. Either the general had stolen his girl in London or he had stolen the general's girl. It took half an hour to settle it. At any rate, she was a fine girl! Henry magnanimously forgave the general.

Dinner was served at nine and was constantly interrupted by telephone calls from squadrons. There was soup and whitefish and chicken livers and salad and champagne—a great deal of champagne.

Henry was called upon for jokes. He told all he knew: stories he hadn't told since he was in graded school; stories that rustled the shroud of Joe Miller's corpse; stories that hadn't been laughed at in fifteen years. But the British laughed. They enjoyed them. Henry recited them until the champagne overcame his tongue and he could not make sense.

After dinner they gathered around the piano and sang. The general played, and they sang Keep the Home Fires Burning, Little Gray Home in the West, Down the Long, Long Trail, and other songs of British gayety. Then Henry and the C. O. sang The Royal King of England, and had to repeat it three times.

The colonel led the way into another room where there was a roulette table. He had several hundred five-franc pieces for chips. Each man took his turn as banker and everyone played. Henry was lucky. He won 2,000 francs.

What good was that? He hadn't spent 200 francs in four months. What good was 2,000? He tried to lose it, but he only won more. They were drinking port now, and cognac and whisky. Henry stuck to the port. It was heavy and would put him to sleep. It did. He woke up in the car outside his tent and the chauffeur was shaking him and the C. O. to awaken them. Damn' good evening!

The next day Johnny led an uneventful patrol and Henry made plans. He was going to avenge Ben. Rot! Ben was killed in a fair fight. He was simply going to outguess that Fokker leader. He was going to let him see two top flights, but not let him suspect the S. E.s. The Fokker leader would be acting as decoy himself. So much the better. He could spring his own trap. He could slap himself in the face with his own shovel.

He went out for an hour in the afternoon to drop little twenty-pound bombs on the Hun back area. Nothing exciting.

The majors and flight commanders of the S. E.s and Dolphins came over. They were all kids younger than Henry, but they had been flying at least two years, a year of it at the front. They didn't like the idea of following a comparatively inexperienced leader. But the decoy had to lead and they were heartily in favor of letting the Camels be the decoys. Nobody wanted to be a decoy. It wasn't safe.

IN the end they were satisfied—all but the Dolphins. They refused to go beyond gliding distance from the lines unless there was a dog fight in progress. Their motors were bad and they had forced landings on every patrol. They would start on the patrol with fifteen planes. Maybe they would get ten up to 22,000 feet. Maybe; no promises. That's where they had the advantage. They were no good down low.

Then the majors and flight commanders descended upon the bar and the battle raged until dusk. Somebody took them out and threw them in their planes and cranked up for them.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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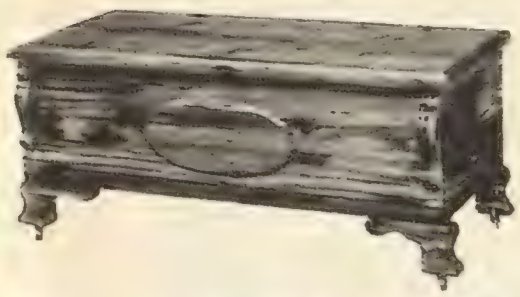

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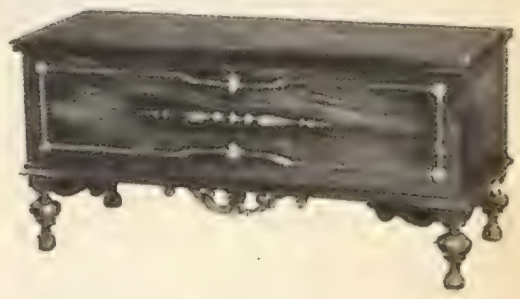


48875—*An attractive chest with genuine walnut veneer top, front and ends.* CERTIFIED. *Front decoration, fancy molding and split turn set off by carved apron*

The four Fokkers closed up and turned. Henry took the leader head on.

[FED UP
Continued from page twenty-five]

Henry took off at exactly six next morning. They chose that hour because the Fokkers were sure to be out enjoying the advantage of the sun behind them, and still the sun wasn't high enough to let them get immediately above.

Henry had four planes behind him. Johnny was 1,000 feet above him with five planes, and A Flight was 1,000 feet above Johnny. Fifteen little Camels—going out to deliver an invitation to battle.

At 10,000 feet over a ruined town they made a rendezvous with the S. E.s. The S. E.s turned south and continued to climb. The S. E.s worked best at 15,000 feet, so they were to stay high up. The Camels were no good above 12,000. At 18,000 were the Dolphins—how many, he couldn't see.

He crossed the lines at 12,000 and was greeted by a bombardment of Archie. Fine! Good advertisement! The S. E.s were invisible now. Good! Mustn't let the Huns see them.

He steered straight into Hunland for ten minutes, turning, twisting, and peering below and above. Nothing but Archie. Johnny was back three miles and 2,000 feet above him. A Flight was 2,000 feet above Johnny. Then there were the S. E.s and finally the Dolphins. Just like the steps of stairs. When the fight started the formation would collapse like a house of cards. Woe to the Huns at the bottom!

HENRY turned south and held his level. The wind was against him fairly strong, so he turned back to the lines. Mustn't get too far over. That Hun leader knows his business.

In ten minutes he saw what he was looking for—four Fokkers 2,000 feet below him. So that was it? The Hun leader wasn't going to take a chance of letting him slip out of his clutches this time. He was going to cut him off from below. He studied the sun, his finger covering the ball of it. There they were! Two layers of them—about ten in each layer—several thousand feet above him.

The four were climbing and turned south underneath him. The nerve of it! What an insult—four Fokkers flying under fifteen Camels! He knew it was because they had other machines above him. They were decoys too! All right! A little closer to the lines and he'd give them the surprise of their lives. He'd nail those four first, before the others got down on him; he'd show them what to do with decoys!

The Huns above were drawing nearer. Two traps were ready to be sprung. All right, he'd spring it. He warmed his guns, waved to his men, and raised his right arm. Then he put his nose down and throttled back. No zooming now. He was going to stay down with them—dog-fight those four—and he didn't need speed. Too much speed and he couldn't shoot straight or get in a long burst.

THE four Fokkers saw him coming and were ready. They closed up and turned. Henry took the leader head on. The leader turned and Henry was on his tail in a flash. But before he could get his sights on him another Fokker was firing at him. He saw the tracer bullets streaking by and had to turn quickly. The Fokker stuck on his tail. He circled and turned to shake him off. Where was Johnny? The Fokker was firing again. Pretty close, that!

Here were the others! Down came five Camels, guns blazing tracer sparklets and phosphorus. A Camel was firing at the Fokker on his tail. Good old Johnny! He could tell it was Johnny by his streamer. Four Fokkers and ten Camels—but only for a second. Eight more Fokkers dove after the Camels!

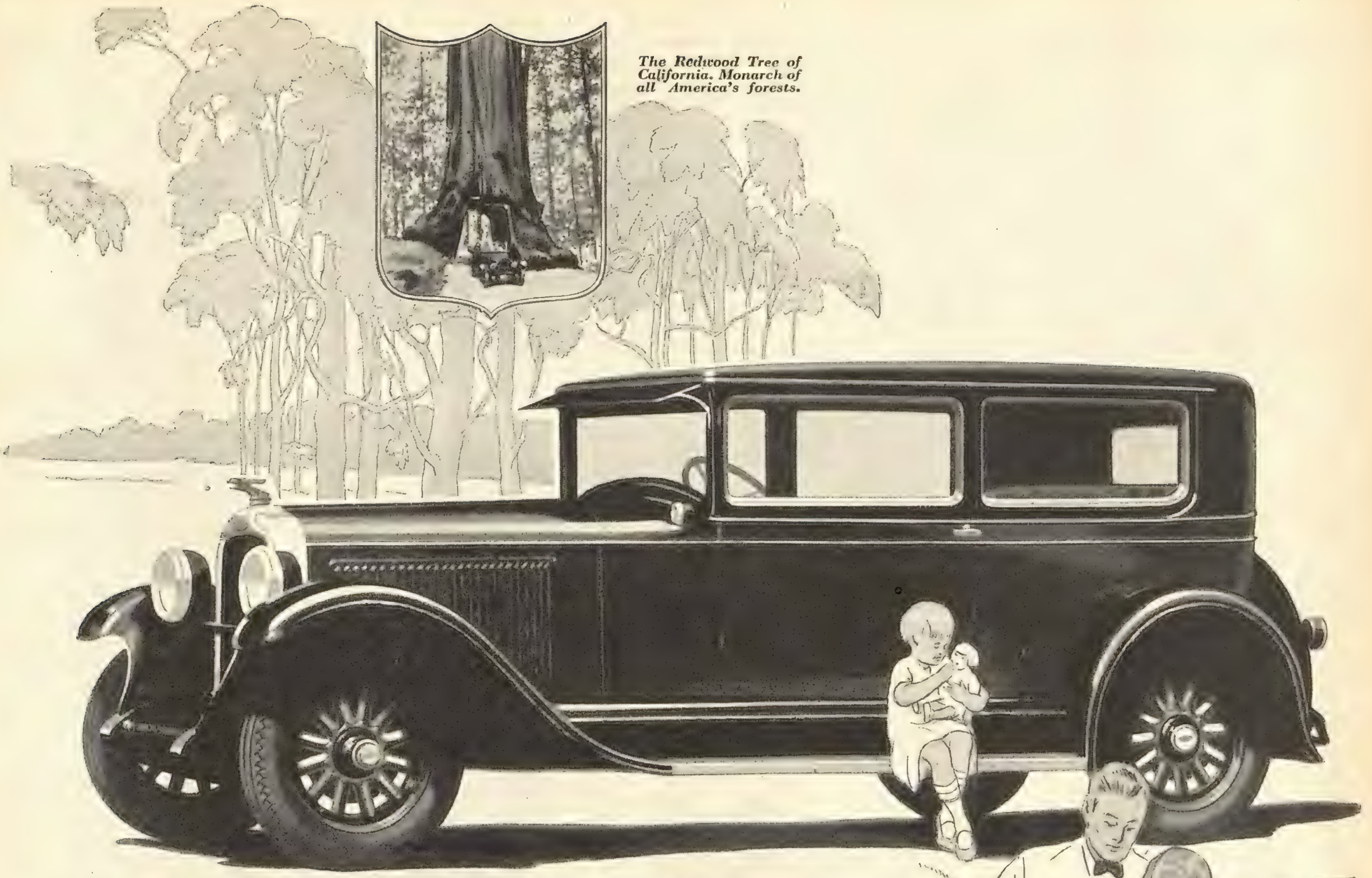
He saw a Camel go down out of control. Poor Johnny! Good-by, Johnny! Henry was firing at a Fokker and a Fokker was firing at him when both guns jammed. Damn that gunnery officer! He turned on his side, loosed his shoulder yoke, and worked at the stoppages. One clear. Where's that hammer? Bang! The other gun was clear. Where's that top flight?

Five more Camels plunged into the center of the whirling mass, each man taking a Fokker as he leveled off. Henry saw two planes go down in flames, burning like meteors. So swift was their descent that he could not tell friend from foe. All were firing, twisting, turning.

Henry saw a Fokker beneath him and pounced on its tail. The Fokker half rolled, and he turned quickly on another. There was that damn' sickly yellow phosphorus again in front of him. He looked back. There came the other eight Huns. Where were the S. E.s? He was too busy to look.

He looked at his altimeter: 10,000 feet. He noted his position: ten miles over. A killing for the S. E.s. For God's sake, come on! He saw a Fokker explode and blaze up. Fine! Down went another plane, twisting dizzily and smoking badly. A Camel this time. God, what a fight! Greatest dog fight in history. He was proud that he had staged it. Beyond his control now—nothing to do but fight his own battle. Another jam. He cleared it and looked above him. There was a Fokker coming down on him. He turned sharply and the Fokker

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]



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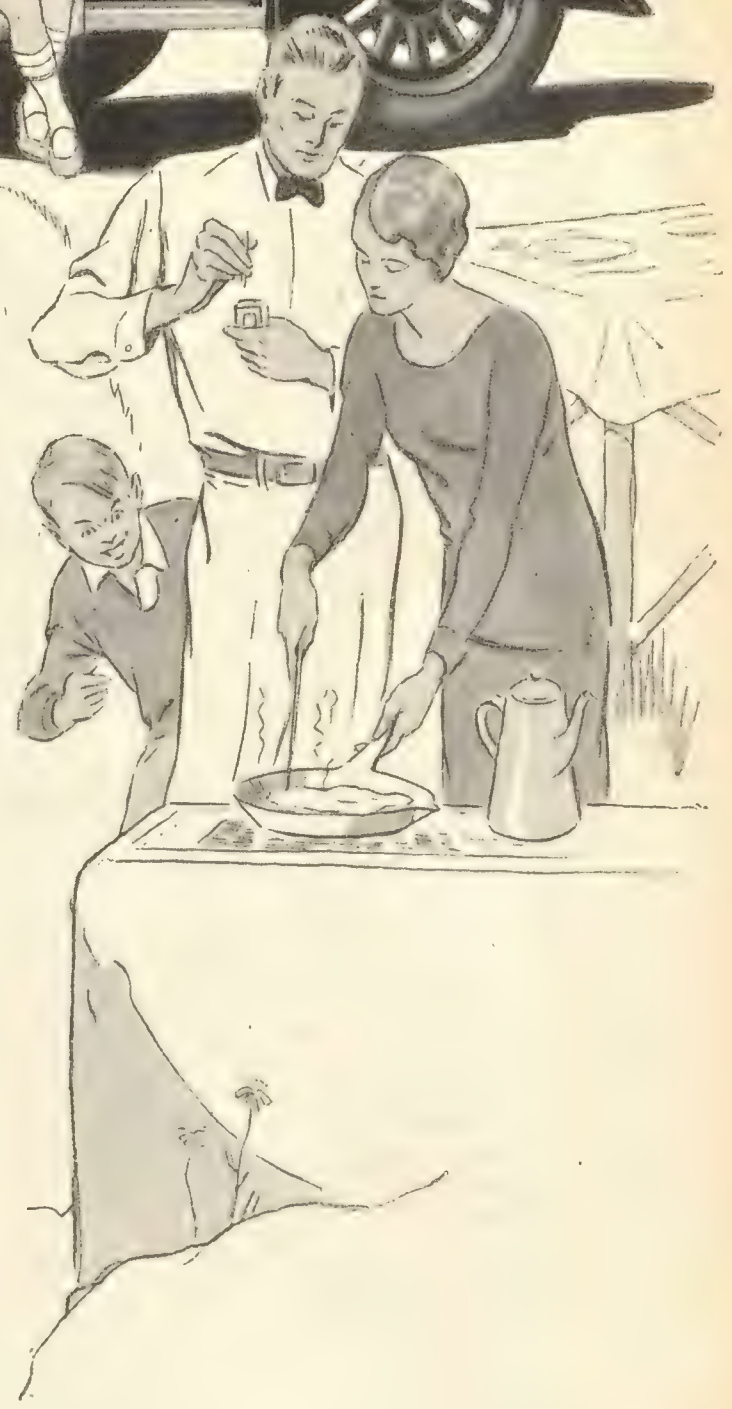

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FED UP

[Continued from page twenty-six]

roared by and turned back toward him. Henry noticed that he had a streamer on his rudder. It was the Hun leader! All right—after this scrap one side or the other would have a new leader. Johnny was already gone. He would have to even up the score.

There were the S. E.s. We've won! My God, there're more Fokkers! Where'd they come from? What a fight! He saw an S. E. and a Fokker collide, head on. A horrible sight.

A quick death was kind—think of the seconds they had to wait as eternity rushed up at them. There were the other Fokkers. Must be fifteen of them. All right—every man for himself. The sky was black with planes and powder. The greatest fight of the war!

HENRY and the Hun leader were to the southeast of the fight and 500 yards from it now as they jockeyed for position. Twice they came at each other head on and pulled away in climbing turns at the last second before colliding.

Nerve the fellow had! Not a shot fired. Both were too wary and too cool to waste a foot of altitude for a random shot. A burst of twenty at fifty feet on a man's tail was worth 300 random shots.

Henry didn't even glance through his sight. He watched the Fokker—an ugly square plane with a white nose and a black and white checkerboard fuselage and tail. He made out a skull and crossbones on it. The same fellow! He'd give him a death's-head all right!

They had closed in now and were circling. The circle was not 100 feet in diameter and each plane was at the opposite position, flat on its side in a vertical bank. Occasionally one would hit the other's backwash and stagger dizzily for a moment, then get back its stride. Not a shot came from either pair of guns.

Henry glanced at the ground. The wind was blowing him further over. This wouldn't do! All the Hun had to do would be to hold him in a turn, and the wind would do the rest. He must get out of this.

Henry was as cool as if he were playing chess. He had perfect command of every faculty, every resource. He was in the enemy's territory. He had a good plane but a poor motor. The Hun clearly had the better motor, for he was gaining a little in height every time.

"You need a rest, Johnny. Why don't you take it? You're getting stale."

Henry was thinking calmly: This bird is too good for me—I'll never get him—got to get out of this—can't run for it—he'd get me first crack—can't stay here—other Fokkers will see this fight and come down—then, *fini*. Gotta get out of this—this fellow knows his job and he's gaining—he's gaining twenty feet a turn—we're at seven thousand—he'll run me into the ground at this rate—he'll get above me—then he's got me. I can come out of this turn, but he'll be on my tail above me. I can half roll and loop, but he'll follow me. Everything I do he'll do right above me.

If I half roll he'll half roll. Sooner or later he gets me. He'll never fire until he's sure of me. If I go into a spin, so does he. When I come out, he's still on my tail. He can do this all day—damn' fine pilot—and he will!

Well, I've got to get him. Got to get him! Only one way to do it. It's him or me now. Take a chance. Let him get on my tail—he's going to sooner or later—dive for it and see who can stand the gaff the longest. Then pull the old trick on him—it might work. When I pull up he'll pull up and wait for a shot. I'll take one when he isn't looking. Worth a try—my only hope!

Henry looked at the sun and waited until his back was to it. Then he leveled off and dove toward the lines.

COME on, you sucker, I'll dive until I see your tracer!

He hadn't long to wait. The Hun finished his half circle and dove after him. Henry had a start of 500 feet on him.

The Hun closed it up. Henry turned around as far as his shoulder yoke would let him and watched — 300 feet—200 feet—100 feet. He must sit and take the first burst.

He was suddenly cold as he awaited the crack of the Spandaus. How good a shot was this Hun? Cool and deliberate he was. Could he hit him with the first burst? He'd soon know. Gotta sit and take it.

One hundred and forty—150—160—175—his air-speed indicator told him. It broke. Crack—crack—crack! There it was! The Hun was making his killing. Now for it! Henry had both hands on the stick and he pulled it back steadily with all his force as he pressed his own trigger. The terrific pressure threw him back into his seat and pressed the breath out of him.

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE THIRTY]

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That is the immediate effect of a Linit Beauty Bath on the skin.

Merely dissolve a package of Linit (the well-known scientific laundry starch sold by grocers) in your bath — bathe — and then feel your skin — soft and satiny smooth!

Linit is pure starch from corn — harmless to the most sensitive skin — and being a vegetable product, it contains no mineral properties to irritate the skin. Dermatologists and doctors regard the purity of starch from corn so highly that they recommend it for the tender skin of young babies.

If you cannot believe that a fine laundry starch like Linit also makes a marvelous beauty bath, we suggest that you make this simple test:

After dissolving a handful or so of Linit in a basin of warm water, wash your hands. The instant your hands come in contact with the water you are aware of a smoothness like rich cream — and after you dry your hands your skin has a delightful softness. You'll be convinced — INSTANTLY!

LINIT is sold by GROCERS

Corn Products Refining Co., Department L, 17 Battery Place, New York City

FED UP

[Continued from page twenty-eight]

He was looking through his sight now. God, what a noise from the wires! He heard one snap. Good shot! Would his wings stay on? The whole machine shook convulsively as his nose rose, pointed straight up, and continued backward in a loop. Would the Hun see him and pull up or would they collide? Crack! Something pierced his left shoulder. Good shot again!

Then he saw through his sight what he was looking for—the white nose. Both guns were going and he pushed the stick forward to hold his sight on the Hun—just a second, oh, God—just a second! He was upside down now—both guns playing on the white nose.

His nose started to drop—he half rolled and turned quickly—thank God for that shoulder yoke. Ouch! How his shoulder hurt! Where was the Hun? There he was. My God, what a zoom! The Fokker was going straight up like an elevator—he must be doing 250.

There, he's half rolling—he's— An icy hand gripped his heart as the wings folded backward and the Fokker turned a somersault in the air and went roaring down not fifty feet from him. He watched it a second and saw it fluttering downward. Too bad! He was losing a friend—a fine fellow—hell of a war!

He was diving toward the line now with his motor wide open. He must get back quickly. Faster — faster — faster— Nothing could catch him now but the angel Gabriel. He tried to look back, but when he moved his shoulder stabbed him. The pain made him sick at his stomach. How was his arm? He could move his arm all right—at least he could land—he could work the throttle. God, what pain! Would he bleed to death before he got back? Probably. He felt he was fainting.

THERE were the lines, 1,500 yards from where he was now. Should he land in the balloon line while he was still conscious? No. Go on—back where he came from—like Ben did. Die on his own field—that was the way to do it. He could feel the blood running down his back. Was his shoulder blade broken? He tried to move it. The pain made him wince. What about his lung? Pierced? He took a deep breath. More pain. Yes, shoulder and lung. *Fini la guerre!* He was through. He and Johnny—gone the same way! And Ben! Good way to go!

They'd died with their shoes on! All right.

What's the use of the whole thing? Been fighting five months. What for? To get plugged through the shoulder by a better man.

He wondered if he had hit the Fokker or if the Fokker had simply broken up from structural weakness. Nobody would ever know. At least he was firing at the Fokker. He could claim it. Claim it? What did he want to claim anything for? He couldn't take any claims with him where he was going.

He was tired, dog tired. His mind burned him. Well, it was all over now—he could feel himself getting weak. Could he last it? God, what pain!

Well, this was the end. Suddenly he was frightened—panicky. He didn't want to die. He was young; the wealth of life called to him. He had never been afraid to die—damn it, he wasn't afraid to die now—never had been afraid. He knew he had to die—that was the bargain he had struck with himself as the price of his courage. But he wasn't ready yet to pay the forfeit. He wasn't afraid—only regretful.

In the moment of victory he was snatched away. He would die in torture like Ben. He recalled his shrieks of agony. No, he wasn't afraid to die, but he was afraid of pain. He couldn't stand pain. They would probe and cut and sew. He couldn't stand it! Should he dive into the ground now and end it?

This was the end. Why? He had given his life. For what? He couldn't remember. War! A good joke on him. He was a soldier—well, soldiers got killed. Why? So the Congressmen's sons could take their feet off their desks and go home and get elected to office eternally. So Wall Street could get 8 per cent. So our grandchildren could be taught a fresh bunch of lies. This was glory. This was the end!

GOD, he was so lonely. He didn't want to die. He wanted to scream it so loud that Johnny would hear and yell back to him. Think of the wine he would never drink—the girls he would never kiss—the books he would never read—the music he would never hear! A big monument at home—taps. He felt sorry for himself and the tears came. No, he didn't want to die—he wasn't going to!

There was the airdrome. He throttled back and sideslipped in. He landed in a daze. How tired he was!

He taxied up to the hangar. A lot of serious faces—his sergeant at attention— Come here—help me out—send for doctor—shot through shoulder—Hun leader did it—then pulled wings off. All right, get me out.

They lifted him out tenderly and laid him on the ground.

"There it is!" exclaimed the sergeant. "Drilled clean through. Look at the blood."

He was dizzy. They were taking off his helmet and boots and overalls, then his shirt and undershirt. The doctor bent over him and put his hand on his shoulder—he was wiping away the blood.

Henry saw the bloody cloth—blood from his shoulder—his life's blood! Then he fainted.

WHEN he came to he was lying in the shade. The sergeant was sitting beside him.

"There, you're all right," the sergeant soothed him. "Thoseyellow-bellied Heinies can't kill you. We got ten of 'em this morning—five of our men missing. Lie still a minute. You're all right. Your plane's no more good—every wire loose—full of holes, too."

Henry groaned. Why, he didn't know. He was in no pain. He was just tired.

"I guess you got to get a new sergeant," the man went on. "I blacked an eye for that damn' medical sergeant. He laughed at you. And I nearly busted the doc one, too. Damned old sawbones!"

"Laughed at me?" Henry asked. "Why was he laughing at me?"

"'Cause you thought you were hit and weren't. If somebody took a shot at that medico he'd run all the way to Calais."

"Not hit? What about my shoulder?"

"You must have reared back something fierce, 'cause you jabbed the buckle tongue of your shoulder yoke plumb through your flying suit and dug it an inch under your skin. Must have stayed in the flesh, because it's all torn loose. All right, let's go down and get doc to plaster it up. I'd better let one of the other men take you down. I ain't popular in the medical tent right now."

"All right, my boy," the doctor told him as he worked with tape and gauze. "I'm glad it's no worse. But you're through here. No more flying for you for a while. I've been expecting you to break—you can wear out any machine. You had a fine case of dementia. You go to Boulogne this afternoon. I don't know what they'll do to you there—probably two weeks' leave. Good for you! Spend all that money you won. All right—trot along, now."

Do you believe in luck? Whether you do or not, don't miss reading about some of the wartime fliers' encounters with the fickle goddess in Luck on the Wing, by A. Roy Brown, in Liberty next week.

COMING—

An Hilarious Short Story by

P. G. Wodehouse

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Ukridge and the Old Stepper

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2. It is a more *sensitive* film. You can take pictures earlier and later in the day—even on dull, cloudy, rainy days...that is why Agfa is called the "all-weather" film. (Notice the four pictures above.)

3. Its quality *never varies.* Its choice as the "official" film on scientific expeditions is an evidence of its dependable and unvarying quality. Neither heat nor cold affects it. Agfa was used on the McMillan Expedition to the North Pole; the Greenland Expedition sponsored by the University of Michigan; the Pathe Expedition to South America, and on many other famous expeditions.

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$7500.00 Prize Picture Contest —for amateurs only

Use any make or size of camera. Enter pictures in one or all of the following classes: (1) Baby Pictures; (2) Rainy-Day Pictures; (3) Fair-Weather Pictures; and (4) Unusual Pictures. You have nothing to do but to send in pictures . . . no story to write . . . no problems to solve. Just load up your camera and start it clicking . . . You have every chance to be a winner—no professional pictures are accepted!

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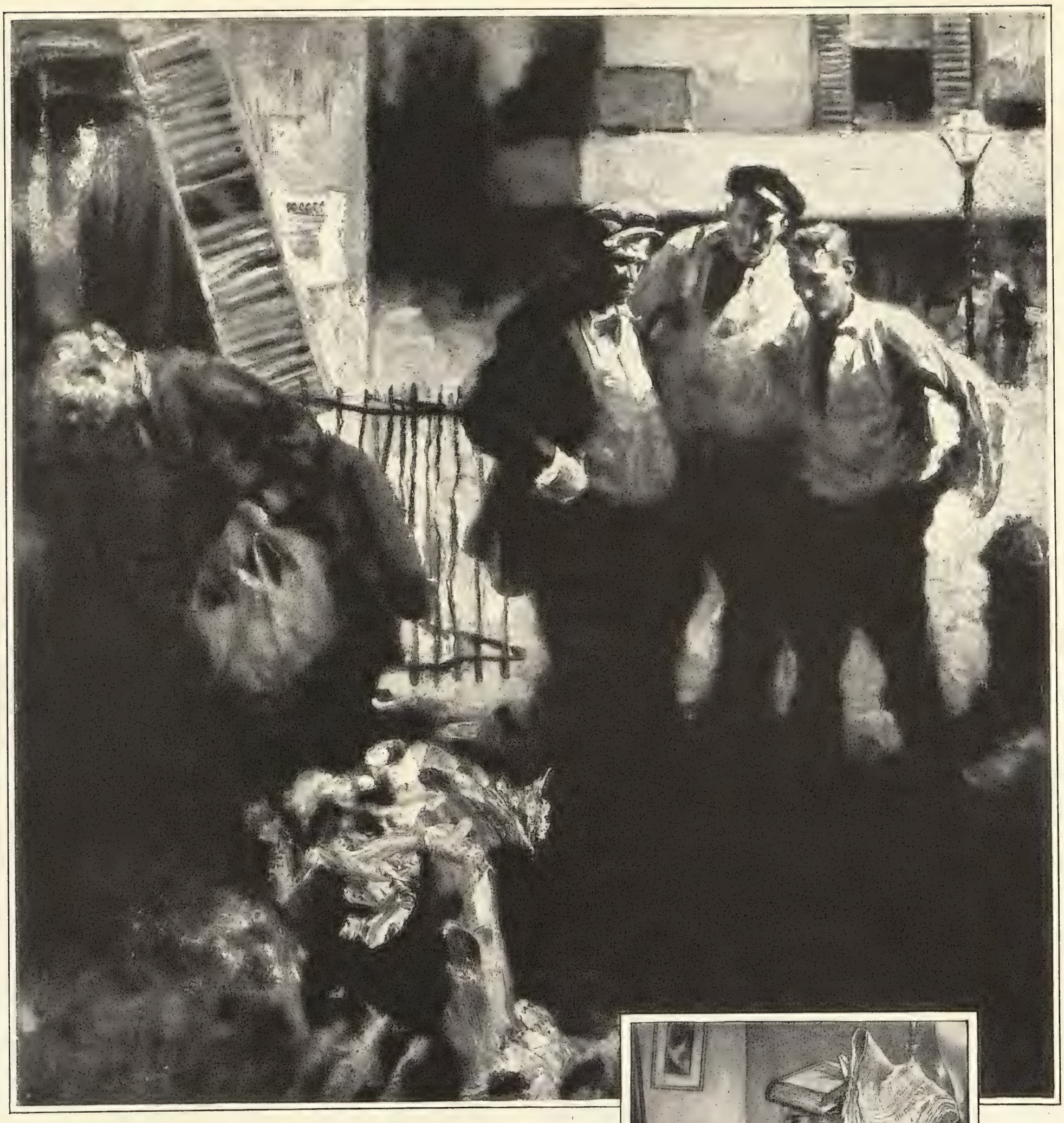

One dirty corner breeds another

Certainly it's easier to gather with the gang on the corner than to sit and fret in a shabby, shoddy home.

What a mission the soap brush has to perform!

Let it brighten up dirty corners at home—and watch dirty corners everywhere vanish.

And remember, soap and water can't begin too early in life to tie up cleanliness and character.

Even dark deeds flee—before SOAP & WATER

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Memorial Day Is Born

Brown Brothers photo

Gutzon Borglum's bust of Abraham Lincoln, and (right) the guard of honor that accompanied Lincoln's body to Springfield, Illinois, before his home there.

Chicago Historical Society photo

The Strange Story of How a Nation's Grief Gave Rise to a National Holiday

LINCOLN'S horse on which he rode circuit before becoming President. It lost its blanket to souvenir hunters the day of the funeral.

By LLOYD LEWIS

(Reading time: 25 minutes 9 seconds.)

IT was in the wild delirium of Abraham Lincoln's funeral — with 7,000,000 Northerners crushing, sobbing, and fainting as the catafalque went by—that Memorial Day was born. Fourteen days of morbid frenzy around the bier of the martyred President were enough to prepare the Republic for an annual holiday of death—a day of processionals, flowers, and lamentations for dead warriors.

For fourteen days the burial caravan crawled westward in the springtime of 1865, passing through the greatest crowds that had ever assembled in Christendom. The North rocked in a paroxysm of grief. Crape covered its face. The very buildings seemed to have been wounded and to have bandaged themselves in black. And the nearer the black train, on its winding path, came to Illinois, the higher the morbid fever mounted, until, as the corpse entered Chicago, the frenzy reached its climax.

Business across the Union States was forgotten. From afar trains rushed excursionists to the cities on the funeral path, leaving farms and villages straining to read and hear more of the dark details.

Coming at the end of four years of war, Lincoln's funeral gave the Union population an opportunity to express *en masse* the sorrow and grief that it had been accumulating all along as the death lists grew. Dramatically, the funeral released the people's pent-up passion to signally honor their war dead.

Between the day his corpse left the White House and the day it came to rest in the Illinois prairie, Lincoln became the symbol of a nation's grief, "the sacrifice on the altar of freedom," as so many orators told the people. For years that funeral alone was to hang like a passionate memory over the North, an experience violent enough to prepare the folk mind for the spontaneous appearance later on of a great annual holiday whereon every man who died for his country in that crisis might be mourned as had been his commander.

BUT it was not a matter of years before this spirit was to show itself. On the day that Lincoln's travel-worn body lay amid all that funeral hysteria in Chicago, the first memorial services for Union soldiers were being held—of all places—in Charleston, South Carolina.

Within a year many other memorials had been held. Southern women had called upon the late Confederate States to set aside a day to be observed in "wreathing the graves of our martyred dead"; and obscure, isolated, and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Driving is so much safer. Your hand on the wheel, eyes on the road, no fussing for matches. No blinding glare at night.

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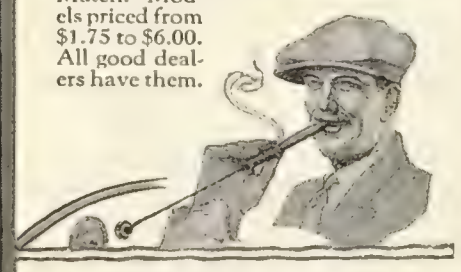

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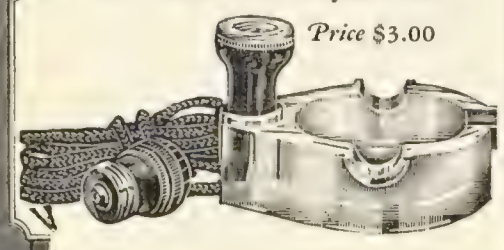

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The CUNO
ENGINEERING CORP.
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[MEMORIAL DAY IS BORN
Continued from page thirty-three]

impromptu decoration of soldiers' sepulchers had been held both North and South. And three years and one day after Lincoln's funeral had ended among the May blooms, all this vague, moving sentiment had crystallized.

On May 5, 1868, Memorial Day was named, General John A. Logan, commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, a national organization of Union veterans, calling upon the Northern people to observe it the following May 30. Twenty-five days after Logan's call, Memorial Day burst *from,* not *upon,* the masses with enormous force. Instantly successful, almost universal, it was practically as great a holiday at the start as it was ever to become.

Rumors, myths, legends, disputes—and a few facts—there are as to who first suggested the holiday, and where the first services were held. Time enough to consider them when the Lincoln funeral is over. The funeral is the thing worth looking at.

It was half circus, half heartbreak.

Yet nobody expected it to be either as it set out in the April sunshine from Washington on its 1,600-mile trip to the prairie.

Everybody in general foresaw that this funeral was to be a great one. Particularly was this noted by the Congressional burial committee which had been appointed by the new President, Andrew Johnson, on the day after the killing.

Washington demanded the body, and New York insisted that the dead President should be entombed there. And when Springfield won, every city in the North, it seemed, clamored to be placed on the funeral route. But that the burial services were to be something more than a gigantic pageant was not guessed.

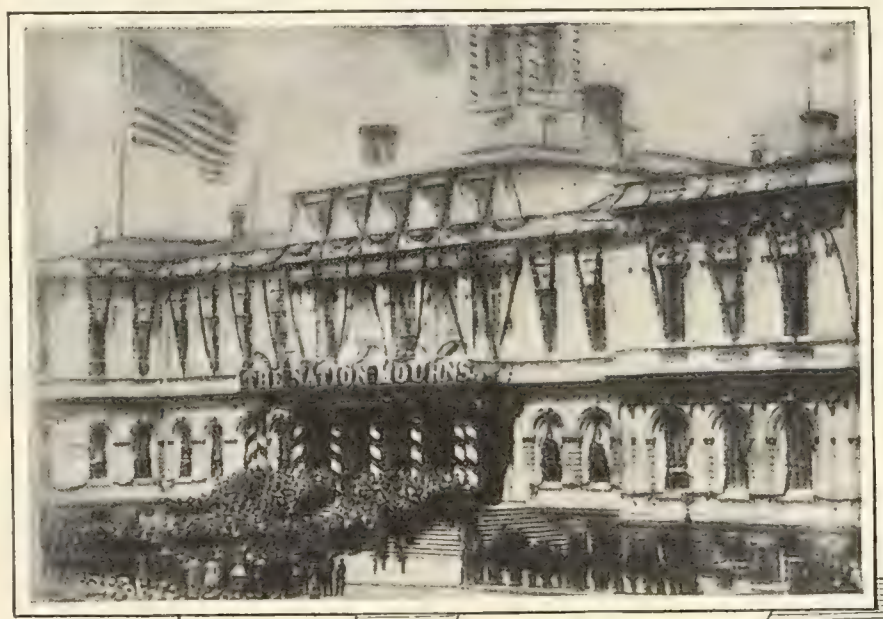
POLITICIANS and statesmen in Washington knew that the country outside was boiling with excitement, howling for revenge on the South, which had, in the first flush of fever, been accused of complicity in the assassination. They knew that thousands of Lincoln worshipers were prostrated, but they did not dream that the majority of Northerners were deeply grieving as for a personal loss.

Only a few months before the man had been abused and mocked as no American had ever been attacked. So bitter had this hatred and distrust become that Lincoln would most certainly, they agreed, have been snowed under in the November elections if Sherman had not won that lunging, desperate victory in Georgia in September.

Even since the surrender of Lee, on April 9, 1865, a backwash of opposition had arisen against Lincoln among stanch Union men who feared that he was going to be too tender hearted and forgiving with the defeated Confederates.

Bureaucracy in Washington, politicians generally, felt that the removal of Lincoln and the advent of stern, "rebel-hating" Andrew Johnson would prove a godsend to the country.

That the masses would feel differently was not to be expected. While the undertakers prepared the corpse and the funeral was organizing, the North was chasing and jailing "Copperheads"; catching neighbors who openly exulted



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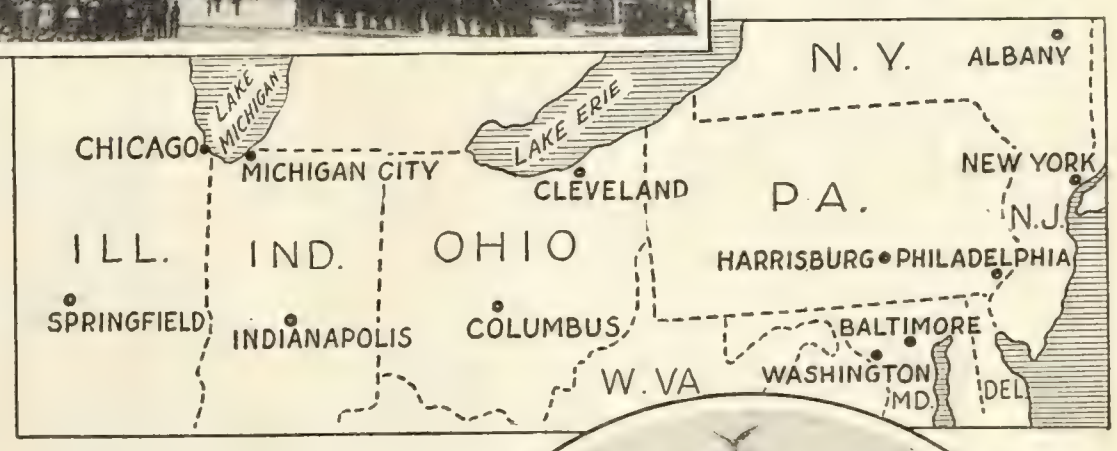


THE map shows the cities visited by the funeral train. Above is shown the New York City Hall at that time, where Lincoln's body lay in state and (at right) girls strewing flowers on the bier in Chicago.

© Henry Miller

in the death of "the black Republican ape." In such actions Washington officials saw a public reaction against political opponents; not a hero love of Lincoln.

No, there was not a hint in those first mourning days that Lincoln was so soon to be rocketed upward into sainthood. The first suggestion came on Tuesday, April 18, when the crowds were allowed to pass through the White House and view the remains.

Twenty-five thousand persons crowded by the coffin, many in tears, some speaking brokenly to the dead man. These inklings of the storm that was to come went by unheeded. Washington was occupied with formalism, grandeur, pomp, and show.

In magnificence the funeral began Wednesday the 19th. For five days the Northern stores had been stripped of mourning. When the assassination news flashed on the morning of the Saturday before, everybody apparently had rushed to buy cloth dark enough for death decorations. Sunday had been "Black Easter," with no flowers in the churches. The North was saving the flowers for the funeral.

None of these things were necessarily out of hero worship. People loved funerals in Victorian times; loved to weep and mourn. Drama was scant in their lives and Puritanism gave them no emotional outlet like that of a burial service.

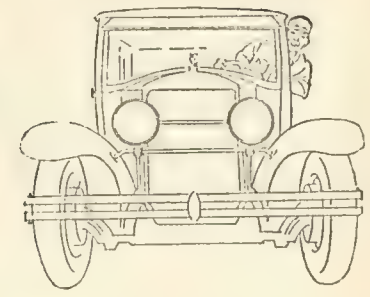
While Washington held its services, stiff and splendid, the North got ready. It expected a grand and awesome show at which it could honor a good man who had been cruelly murdered. It did not expect to be thrown into a prolonged convulsion of grief. It was like a girl who does not know her heart.

SIX hundred important persons presented tickets at the White House before 2 P.M. on this Wednesday. In the East Room around the casket sat President Johnson, his Cabinet, the Ambassadors, the Senators, Governors, delegations from the States, Supreme Court judges, Grant, Farragut — uniforms everywhere — an honorable assembly.

Clergymen prayed, preached, prayed again. Only two blood relatives of the dead man were there: two sons—one, Robert, twenty-two, in a captain's uniform; the other, "Tad," a tongue-tied little fellow of twelve, his face swollen and red from tears. Upstairs Mrs. Lincoln tossed in hysteria.

The services over, Abraham Lincoln's trip to mythland began. As they carried his body out into the spring sunshine all the church bells in Washington, Georgetown,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SIX]



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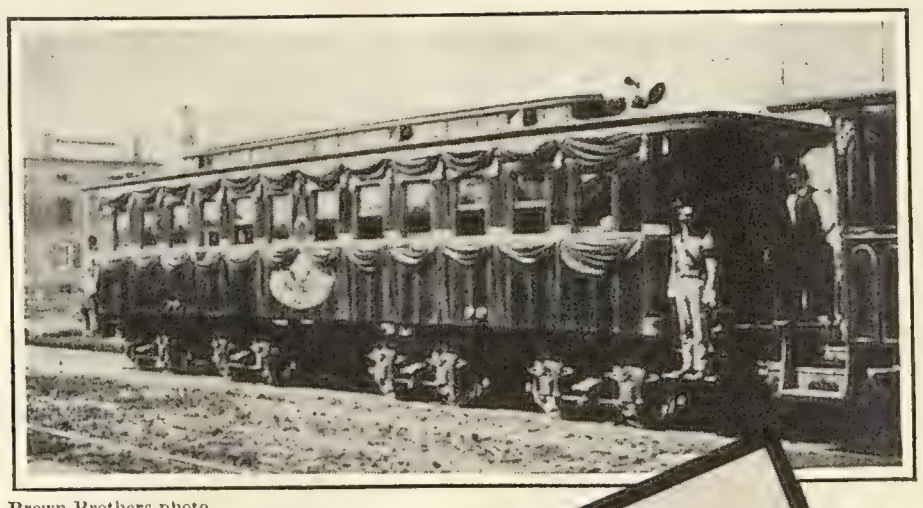
[MEMORIAL DAY IS BORN]
Continued from page thirty-four

and Alexandria began to toll, and from the fortresses around the city minute guns began to boom. Up Pennsylvania Avenue the tramp, tramp of soldiers' shoes—slow roll of black wheels—whine and drone of mournful music—slow fidgeting of black tassels around the casket set high in the hearse so that the suffocating crowds might see—a long, formal procession winding up in a cloud of Negroes.

High in the Capitol the honorary pallbearers laid the casket, and on the next day the crowds, 3,000 to the hour, many wounded soldiers among them, filed past.



Brown Brothers photo

The Lincoln funeral car.

© Henry Miller

A facsimile of the special admittance cards to Lincoln's funeral service.

Before sunup on Friday, Grant, the Cabinet, the Illinois delegation, and a scattering of officials met at the coffin, closed down the lid, and bore it off to the depot through the dawn.

Between regiments at present arms—two of them colored regiments which blubbered openly—the funeral train drew out: eight coaches, six for the official mourners, one for the military guard of honor, and one, the hearse car, festooned with mourning.

DELIRIUM broke at Baltimore. The city grieved extravagantly—fulsomely, Union men thought, remembering how Baltimore had shed the first Union blood in the war and how it had menaced Lincoln so savagely in '61 that he had passed through it secretly in the night as he journeyed to his inauguration.

Baltimore was jammed with throngs. Maudlin mottoes waved over them, dangled on ribbons from their lapels; cataracts of crape fell down the front of buildings. Between 11 A. M. and 2 P. M. 10,000 persons shoved their way through City Hall to see the corpse, and delegations of select women walked beside the hearse down to the train, their arms heaped with flowers.

Chaotic and massive as was Baltimore's service, it was put down as an excessive attempt to atone for past errors, and it was not until the train had come, in the late afternoon, to the open countryside that the funeral party awoke to the vehemence of the people's grief. Farmers with their families, hats in hand, stood staring at the sable train. Little towns were packed as the hearse car rolled through. Little bands could be heard playing dirges.

At York, Pennsylvania, where the train halted momentarily, six women boarded the death car with roses, "and all who saw them wept afresh," as the telegraphers told the country.

Harrisburg loomed through the rain at 8:20 in the evening. Soaked, steaming masses of humanity waited to file through the State House past the coffin. At midnight they were stopped, but armies of farmers with their families sat up all night to be there when the doors opened at 7 the next morning.

Rural crowds lined the right of way eastward, and at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, old men were sitting in chairs by the track, having been carried out of homes and invalid beds to see the catafalque go by. On a rock under a railroad bridge outside Lancaster stood Thaddeus Stevens, alone, rapt and brooding. This venomous hater of Lincoln raised his hat solemnly to the train.

Lancaster was a black sea around the station. Ex-President Buchanan, who had mistakenly called himself "the last of the Presidents" four years earlier, sat in his carriage on the outskirts of the crowd.

MILES out of Philadelphia the train ran between solid walls of people. Acres of faces surrounded the station; 500,000 jammed the streets. Before dawn queues had formed outside Independence Hall, where the body was to lie, and at 5:20 P. M., when the ponderous parade, in eleven divisions, started down Chestnut Street toward the Cradle of Liberty, the ribbons of waiting mourners ran from the Delaware River to the Schuylkill, three miles and more.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

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City .....

No—dust cannot sift through!

The solid sides and bottom of this dainty new *home* Vul-Cot, the little sister of the famous business Vul-Cot, will not let even the smallest particle through onto your floors. Here is the waste basket for every room in the home Nacolacquered in beautiful pastel tones to harmonize with every scheme of interior decoration. Light as a feather, yet super-strong—At stationery, housefurnishing and department stores.

VUL-COT
-the national wastebasket
Guaranteed 5 years
National Vulcanized Fibre Co.
Wilmington, Del.

MYSTERIOUS NEW AUTO GLARE SHIELD

Becomes Rear-View Mirror By Day

AGENTS $100 A WEEK

Is easy when you show motorists this amazing device! New kind of mirror glass, semi-transparent at night, filters headlight glare, **makes night driving safe!** Becomes perfect rear-view mirror in daylight! Swings instantly to either position—always ready—never in the way. A handsome, permanent accessory. Sells on astonishing 10-second demonstration. Ballance made $40 in a day. New 2-way selling plan, with bonus and extra commissions. Write quick for details and sample offer.

LEE-SEE CO., Dept. 106, Kewaunee, Wisconsin

STOPS FALLING HAIR

Lucky Tiger knocks dandruff and scalp irritations by killing germs like Whyte-Fox knocks skin eruptions. Both sold under Money-Back Guarantee. At Barbers and Druggists.

LUCKY TIGER

"PLAYING BALL" WITH BIG BUSINESS!

LIBERTY herewith announces a cash discount on the purchase of its advertising space in large units. This policy becomes effective with the July 7, 1928, issue and continues until further notice.

A large advertiser asked us:

> "Why don't you publishers 'play ball' with big business? Why is magazine space the only purchase in which large scale buying fails to receive the economies to which it is justifiably entitled?"

And he continued to make out a case for *big business*:

> "It requires no greater selling effort on your part ordinarily to obtain an appropriation for a cycle or more pages than for a single page.
> "Border-line advertisers, with schedules falling slightly below the required unit of pages, will find it additionally profitable to make themselves eligible for this discount at the same time deriving the benefits of continuity and repetition."

And now we answer that advertiser's question:

LIBERTY will "play ball" with big business by offering advertisers, who buy in large units, the economic benefits of the very principle which underlies their business — mass buying.

Agencies Please Note

Agency commissions will be unaffected by this discount policy since commissions will be based on advertiser's gross appropriation in LIBERTY.

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

Additional Information

Request detailed information regarding the above announcement from LIBERTY WEEKLY, INC., 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

FREE—This remarkable new rouge. See offer below.

Does your neck match your face?

Sometimes the skin on a woman's neck looks either older . . . or coarser . . . or darker than her face.

So that this, too, will be made lovely to go with the face, here's what you can do: Wash your neck and shoulders with a good soap and warm water. Use a soft cloth in washing and be sure to rinse off all the soap. Dry with a soft towel and smooth a thin coating of Ingram's Milkweed Cream over the entire neck and shoulders. Then wipe it off with a soft cloth, using an upward motion.

Right now, before it is too late, begin giving your neck and shoulders constant care. Ingram's Milkweed Cream applied in your own home as we show you how, is all you need. Thousands of beautiful women—social leaders, stage beauties, screen stars—write us that Ingram's Milkweed Cream is the only cream they have used for ten—twenty years or more.

With each jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream come full instructions. Women write us daily telling how they improved their skins by following these instructions. So that you, too, may give your skin treatments basically right, go today to your druggist and buy a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream. 50c. the jar—$1 size more economical—Theatrical size, $1.75. Frederick F. Ingram Co., Est. 1885, 562 Tenth Street, Detroit, Mich., also Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

THERE IS BEAUTY IN EVERY JAR

Send us your name and address for FREE purse-size package of this remarkable new rouge—Ingram's American Blush, and interesting booklet on The Art of Rouging

[MEMORIAL DAY IS BORN]
[Continued from page thirty-six]

Thousands of persons kept their places all night, after the doors swung shut on the stroke of 12, and at 3 Sunday morning the crowds were greater than the day before. To enter the creeping lines at sunup meant reaching the coffin five hours later.

The crush trembled always on the edge of riot. One hundred and fifty soldiers, veterans of battles, collapsed up and down the ranks that tried to maintain order. Nor had the crowds lessened at 2 A. M. that night, when the hearse journeyed to the railroad.

The land had gone wild. Newspapers seemed stunned, groping for words to describe what was happening.

All New Jersey seemed to have come to the tracks in the ghostly dawn. Twenty thousand persons had gathered in Trenton just to see the train go through. A massed choir of Germans filled the ferry station at Jersey City with hymns as the casket was carried on the boat, and the voices floated across the water as Lincoln passed to that mad celebration in New York.

WHAT had gone before was nothing to what came now. New York, which had rioted when Lincoln had demanded the draft, and which had in '61 talked of seceding from both North and South, now burst with grief. For hours the streets had been impassable, the police and military fighting desperately to keep lanes open.

A giant hearse, surmounted by a ridiculously dismantled Temple of Liberty, lifted the casket six feet from the ground and dangled above it a massive silver eagle amid waving plumes. Windows and roofs were black; women straddled ridgepoles, men and boys clung in trees and lamp-posts.

Except for the inevitable incessant pounding of the guns and bells, there was no sound, unless it was when exhalations of sorrow, gasps for breath, sighs as people fainted, went rustling through that jungle of human bodies. In the parade were 160,000 persons.

The New York Caulkers' Association, 1,000 strong, bore an obelisk with the motto, "The Darkest Hour in History." Longshoremen's Union No. 2 carried a huge sign, "In Memory of Departed Worth." The New York and Brooklyn sawyers displayed a banner reading, "We Mourn Our Loss." Members of women's clubs marched, debating societies, lodges, fire companies, temperance cadets, the German bakers paraded, and the children of the Fifth Ward of Brooklyn waved a legend, "The hand of the assassin has entwined the name of Abraham Lincoln in a wreath of immortality."

Celtic societies bore floral monuments with clocks inset, their hands stopped at 7, the hour when Lincoln died. Quotations from the Bible, from Shakespeare, from everywhere, waved in the parade and on hatbands. Choirs on street platforms tried to be heard above the military bands. A St. Bernard dog bounded out and trotted for a time under the hearse, its master

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Play the Game better with a Kent Racket

KENT "COLLEGIAN" $7.00

A high quality Racket that is *not* high in price. Its frame of exceptional strength is made of second-growth white ash. The throat of white holly is low cut, reinforced with ash; shoulders reinforced with bright red fibreloid, and wound with red and purple alternating silk line.
Strung with spiral waterproof gut.

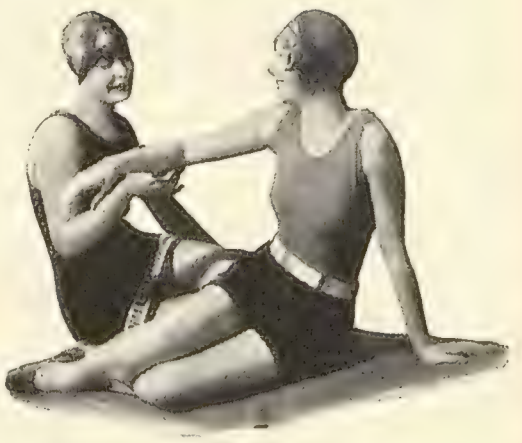
Ask your Sporting Goods Dealer.

Kent RACKETS

Write E. Kent Estate, Pawtucket, R. I., for free catalog of Kent Rackets, priced up to $15.00, and Rules of the Game.

DEL-A-TONE

Removes Hair



Skin Without Hair

"I've tried other methods but I give all praise to Del-a-tone. It's far better than shaving or pulling hair out by the roots, and it tends to discourage regrowth."

Adds that touch of daintiness so essential to feminine charm. The standard depilatory for 20 years. Del-a-tone Cream is snow-white, fragrant, and ready for immediate use.

Removes hair **in only 3 minutes** from arms, under arms, legs, back of neck or face. Leaves skin smooth, white, dainty. Del-a-tone Cream or Powder is sold by drug and department stores, or sent prepaid, in plain wrapper, in U. S. for $1.00. Money back if desired. For generous sample send 10c to Miss Mildred Hadley, Dept. 36, The Delatone Co., 721 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

MONEY FOR YOU

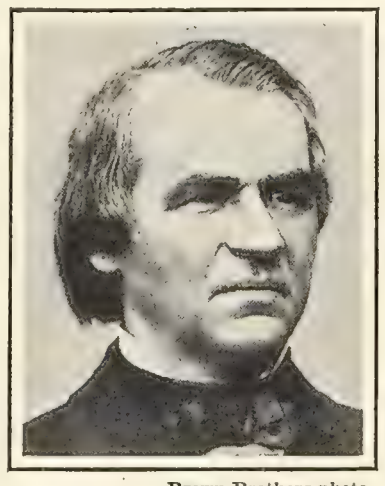
Men or women can earn $15 to $25 weekly in spare time at home making display cards. Light, pleasant work. No canvassing. We instruct you and supply you with work. Write to-day for full particulars.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg..Toronto, Can.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

promptly informing the crowd that Lincoln once had patted it on the head.

In City Hall 150,000 looked at the dead face, the military guard working all the time to keep persons from touching it. Many women tried to kiss it. Many tossed bouquets upon the corpse.

One hundred thousand were in the next day's parade. Five hundred thousand looked on. Lieutenant General Winfield Scott—then in his eighties—was there wearing his pathetic uniform. At the end of the procession huddled 250 frightened Negroes, all that was left of the army of colored folk who had planned to march. Tammany Hall had frightened the rest away with windy threats, but these the Union crowds applauded.



Brown Brothers photo

Andrew Johnson, Lincoln's successor to the Presidency.

That night, as the train started westward, many New Yorkers who had been unable to view the remains took trains for Western cities on the funeral path. Hundreds struck out for Chicago.

AT sundown the funeral train saw a strange sight across the Hudson. Masses of country people were staging a weird tableau on a hillside around a newly made grave. Bands were playing sad music, and a beautiful woman, made up as the Goddess of Liberty, was dipping a flag into the hole.

All night the train passed flambeaux, torches, and bonfires, with white faces watching. At Albany 60,000 were on the streets that had turned black with crape. Four thousand an hour went by the open coffin all afternoon of the 25th and all that night. There was to be no more closing of doors at midnight. Day and night now the body lay exposed.

At Albany the funeral party seemed to come out of the daze into which the stunning crowds had cast it. The Illinois delegation sent a member scurrying to Springfield to tell the home folks to get ready.

News of the extravagance with which the funeral was being received whipped expectant cities into a frenzy. Each must now be outdoing anything that any other city had done. Decorations must be larger, crowds bigger, ceremonies finer, orations more idolatrous. Speakers must exalt the dead man with wilder phrases.

Now the train ran under arches of evergreens and flowers. Now committees of women watched the blossoms on the casket to snatch them away at the first sign of wilting and to replace them with fresh bouquets that showered into the rooms and the train. At every stop now delegations of thirty-six town belles in white with black scarfs over the left shoulder bore on to the train flowers and flags, spoke, sang, wept, recited tributes, enacted little dialogues, and departed, leaving morbid mottoes. When the train could not stop, the thirty-six belles could be seen kneeling in the station under torchlights.

Hills were studded with arches, signs, mock graves, tableaux. In the dawn country children waved flags at the train. At the coffin mothers twisted babies downward so that their eyes might focus on the dead face. Under the flambeaux late at night children could be seen opening sleepy eyes as parents shook them, anxious that they should remember always the sight of the funeral train.

Cleveland had girded its loins to take first prize in the race. It erected a temple in the park and placed the coffin under a ceiling of black velvet studded with silver stars. Through the rain a monster parade brought floats, costumed delegations, mottoes, to the temple, and at the rate of eighty a minute the people marched by the corpse all day of Friday the 28th.

Columbus outdid Cleveland with a Chinese pagoda for a hearse and with roses under the pagoda wheels. Its parade resembled one of those later flower festivals of California: fire engines shrouded in evergreens, carriages bearing beautiful young women, clad in white with scarfs of black and singing "hymns in praise of the Martyr; their sad, sweet voices full of electric sympathy."

Milford, Ohio, was a lake of slow waving handkerchiefs, and Woodstock sent young women into the funeral car to strew flowers while the Woodstock cornet band outside played a dirge. At Urbana 3,000 people surrounded a great floral cross from whose arms hung colored transparencies, while forty women and men beneath it sang Go to Thy Rest with pathetic sweetness. The Piqua and Troy bands joined forces and played, as representative young women dropped tears and flowers on the hearse car floor.

Richmond, Indiana, had been waiting eagerly. Indiana was going to put all other States to shame. By arrangement the church bells of Richmond rang an hour before train time, and in the dismal false dawn of 3 A. M., 15,000 persons, far more than the town's population, received the train with pantomimes and tableaux that must have appeared ghastly to the funeral party.

THE Indiana tracks were embellished on each side with signs and dumb show. Villages had great arches spanning the tracks. Indianapolis was agreed by newspaper correspondents to have "the most faultless display of elegance that has yet contained the remains."

In the State House the casket lay under a black velvet canopy sprinkled with golden stars and laced with white cords. Portrait friezes of the world's great bordered the walls. Reporters thought it a mysterious cavern, eerie and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The lather's the thing

It takes more than water to soften whiskers. Whiskers are too tough, too horny to be softened by water alone. It's the ingredients in the lather made active by the water. Unless your beard is properly and thoroughly softened for the razor, you're putting too much of a handicap on the blade. Even the keenest edge cannot cut a half-softened beard. When the razor edge runs up against an unsoftened beard, it either balks or hurdles over the hairs, or hooks part way into them, yanking and dragging painfully at the hair roots, leaving ragged stumps behind.

Mennen-lathered is smooth-shaved. For in the dense, creamy Mennen lather only, do you enjoy that exclusive beard-softening process, *dermutation*. *Dermutation* absolutely softens even the wiriest beard. While it is completely softening the thousands of horny little hair shafts, dermutation levels and smooths the tiny mounds at the base of each hair, so that the razor slides through clean and square right at the skin surface, without nicking, scraping or abrading the skin. Your beard fairly rolls off before your razor. No rubbing necessary. None of that raw, burning after-shave effect, either. There's no caustic in Mennen to irritate or smart. Its action is the result of a certain combination of ingredients discovered in the Mennen laboratory and put into Mennen Shaving Cream. And Mennen works equally well in all waters, hard or soft, hot or cold. Five agreeable emollients in Mennen lather tone and cleanse the face, leaving it fresh, soft, smooth and cool, fit for the longest day. The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., and Toronto, Ontario.

Now also made with menthol

Some like the brisk, tingling coolness of a dash of menthol in their lather. For them we have good news. They can now enjoy this pleasant feature in the shaving cream that softens their beards by the dermutation process and therefore gives them the world's finest shave. Mennen is now made both ways—regular and mentholized. To get the mentholized, ask for the Mennen tube with the red ball. Your dealer has it, or can get it for you.

Mennen Talcum for Men, too!

Tone down that schoolboy face shine with a light sprinkle of Mennen Talcum for Men. Neutral tinted, doesn't show. Rounds out the perfect shave. Also made in stick form.

SUNK! SHOOTING THREE!

Plop! Too much water hazard. Not the water ahead but the perspiration behind—on his back. He'll get his mind on his shot when he gets it off his underwear.

What is YOUR Underwear Handicap?

The Hazard *that's worse than mental*

He teed up confidently. Water wouldn't bother him. No mental hazard could worry him. But he couldn't get set—couldn't relax when he addressed the ball. Binding, bunching, pulling underwear is worse than a mental hazard. It ruins your game—makes you "blow" your shots.

That's why thousands of golfers switched last year to the Lewis Golf Suit. It gives new freedom. Comfort and ease which you never dreamed possible! And cool! Its magic fabric absorbs and evaporates perspiration so quickly. A snug, natural crotch support gives tireless play and unsapped energy. No "balloon sizes." Instead, for every sport—every purpose—the perfect underwear—the only original Lewis Golf Suit. Ask your favorite store to show it to you today.

Made by the makers of the famous Lewis Union Suits

Altho' the Golf Suit is admittedly the most comfortable underwear made, those who prefer a two piece garment will find an almost equivalent comfort—with exceptional style—in the Lewis Golf Shirt and Sport Shorts.

Look for the Lewis label and the little golfer on every *genuine* Lewis Golf Suit.

If your dealer hasn't the Lewis Golf Suit, send us your measurements with a check for $5.00 for two suits postpaid.

Lewis Knitting Company
110 Main St., Janesville, Wis.

LEWIS GOLF SUIT

The NEW UNDERWEAR *That Gives* NEW FREEDOM

[MEMORIAL DAY IS BORN]
[Continued from page thirty-nine]

strange. It reminded them of Mammoth Cave.

In proportion to population the crowds increased as the train had come West, and Indiana shamed Ohio, just as Ohio had shamed New York and New York Pennsylvania.

Illinois, Lincoln's State, was next. Michigan City, close to the line, had a triple arch over the tracks; sixteen women in white with black sashes singing; and thirty-six little girls with rosettes of trailing arbutus to lay a floral cross on the coffin.

CHICAGO had been receiving trainloads of visitors twenty-four hours when the locomotive, with Lincoln's picture pasted on the headlight, drew up under an arch which was surmounted by a bust of the deceased.

One hundred thousand persons swarmed in the streets and the parade was a wilderness of banners and mottoes waving over the heads of 37,000 marchers. Across the courthouse was written, "Illinois clasps to her bosom her slain and glorified son"; also, "The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places." Pictures and plaster busts of the martyr stood on draped window ledges all over town. Houses had mottoes over their doors.

Queues leading to the courthouse moved forward one foot an hour. Carriages in and out of the parade had their wheels entwined with crape, black bows on the whips. Black bunting was strung from tree to tree. The policemen wore black gloves and children had black ribbons around their hats, their waists, their throats. Even the marble eagle that hung above the corpse in the courthouse had a strip of crape around its neck.

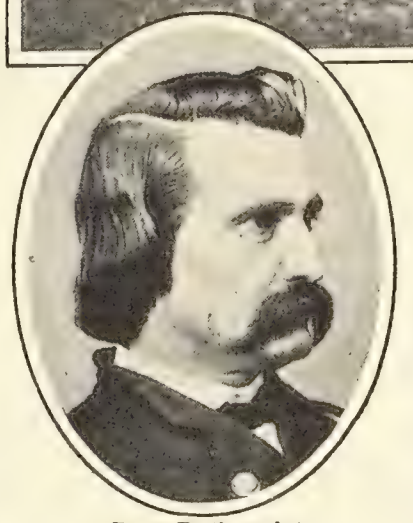
Black prairie mud lay underfoot and crowds stood in the gutters where it had been piled.

Between 6 P. M. Monday and Tuesday night, when the caravan set out for Springfield, 125,000 viewed the body. Souvenir hunters fell on the hearse as soon as it was empty and stripped away the draperies till the soldiers bayoneted them back.

Chicago's celebration was a mixture of the ridiculous and the sublime. The butchers marched in their white aprons. Many of the floats and mottoes were outlandish. The pickpockets were overworked. But in no city had there been such sobbing as the hearse went by. No city had been so black. No city had had proportionately so many people on the streets.

On the morning after, the Chicago *Tribune* declared that New York, with eight times the population of Chicago to draw from, had turned out only one-fourth as well as had the city by Lake Michigan.

Toward Springfield arches bore the words "Come Home." Rural crowds were thicker. In Springfield Lincoln lay in the House of Representatives. There for twenty-four hours was heard the steady tramp of feet—the feet of prairie people, atheist lawyers, fanatic circuit preachers, rail-splitters, crippled soldiers, shysters Lincoln had tricked, mothers he had protected, politicians he had disappointed, girls to whom he had sold sugar, loafers who had laughed at his stories.



Brown Brothers photo

The hearse used for the funeral at Springfield, Illinois, and (left) General John A. Logan.

Ten o'clock of May 4 and the last service began. Eleven—the last parade. A general of the army, "Fighting Joe" Hooker, rode ahead of the hearse; and Old Bob, the aging bay that had borne Lincoln over the circuit, was led riderless behind. A long parade, bannered, mottoed, costumed like the rest, but with some new and terrible woe, as of family grief, in it, wound out two miles to Oak Ridge Cemetery. Prayers oratory, hymns, boys falling with breaking boughs, apple blossoms in the wind—and the long journey was over.

But by the time they got Old Bob back to the stable his blanket, a red, white, and blue blanket embroidered with the words "Old Abe's Horse," was gone. Ghoulish souvenir hunters had stripped him clean.

THE funeral had done its work. Never again was the Republic to think of Lincoln as a man, but as a mysterious saint.

Not far away, in the Illinois town of Decatur, was forming the soldiers' organization which was to give the nation its annual repetition of the Lincoln funeral. The Grand Army of the Republic, largest and eventually the only organization of Union veterans, was forming, and within twelve months after the assassination it opened its fledgling headquarters in Springfield. In January, 1868, when General John A. Logan, histrionic,

part Indian, became commander in chief, it had twenty-one departments and wide political power.

On the 5th of May in that year, three years and one day after Lincoln's final funeral services in Springfield, Logan officially called upon the G. A. R. to gather on the 30th of the month and strew with flowers "all graves of comrades who had died in defense of their country during the late rebellion."

He hoped that such ceremonies would be kept up from year to year and that always the nation would "garland the passionless mounds with the choicest flowers of springtime."

The catafalque that shrouded the coffin in Philadelphia and (right) General Joseph Hooker.

Brown Brothers photo

Here and there members objected on the grounds that such a holiday "would unnecessarily keep alive wartime bitterness and foster animosities that should be buried in oblivion," and that money would better be spent on maimed soldiers than on music and flowers for the dead. But all objections were lost in the tremendous outpouring that met the dawn of May 30. Business was closed down. Excursions brought throngs to the cities as they had in the Lincoln funeral time.

PARADES, speeches, salutes of musketry, decorations of graves with flags and blossoms—a national holiday had been born, even if the national government was never to declare it so. The States, both Northern and Southern, rapidly made Memorial Day legal, differing only as to the date. All Union States, together with Kentucky, Missouri, and Tennessee, adopted the G. A. R. date, May 30, while North and South Carolina chose May 10, the anniversary of "Stonewall" Jackson's death. All the rest of Dixie named April 26.

There have arisen, since that day sixty years ago, many claims as to the origin of Memorial Day, soon to be renamed Decoration Day.

Some had it that Logan took the idea from occasional decorations of their comrades' graves by Confederate soldiers during the war. Others said that General John J. Murray of Waterloo, New York, had told Logan of a decoration service he and some veterans had held Sunday, May 22, 1866, in their home cemetery.

Adjutant General Chipman of the G. A. R. insisted that he had given the thought to Logan around the 1st of May, 1868, passing on to him a letter in which a Cincinnati comrade suggested that the G.A.R. adopt the old German custom of scattering flowers on the graves of beloved dead each springtime. Down in Cincinnati it was declared that T. C. Campbell of the local post had inaugurated the custom, heading a delegation of old soldiers to the cemetery there in the spring of '67.

A greater number of claims are made in the South. On July 15, 1906, the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* stated that while New Orleans, Columbus, Georgia, Portsmouth, Virginia, and Richmond all believed themselves to be the pioneers in the celebration, Warrentown, Virginia, had observed the custom first, holding services over the grave of a Confederate hero, John Quincy Marr, on June 1, 1861.

ON May 10, 1866, the Oakwood Cemetery Memorial Association decorated the graves of the Gray dead at its inauguration ceremonies, hanging the city with crape. Since that day similar decorations have been repeated.

In Richmond, too, it is said that Mrs. John A. Logan declared that she had witnessed that city's memorial services in the spring of 1868 and had suggested to her husband that he institute similar concerted action in the North.

Columbus, Georgia, decorated war graves, with appropriate speeches, on April 26, 1866, the anniversary of General Joseph E. Johnston's surrender to General Sherman, last gasp of the exhausted Confederacy—having been fixed upon some time in the January before by the Ladies' Aid Society, which had independently decked the cemetery with flowers the previous spring.

Montgomery, Alabama, claims that it observed the same day, April 26, 1866; Columbus, Mississippi, says that it held a celebration on April 25 of that year; Fredericksburg, Virginia, appointed the 10th of May in 1866; Petersburg garlanded its war cemetery on May 26, 1868; and Camden, Arkansas, remembers that it decorated graves in November, 1866.

First of all the large independent observances that preceded the formal nation-wide institution of a Memorial Day was that held in Charleston, South Carolina, on the 1st of May, 1865, when the Lincoln

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

ARE YOU, *TOO*,

a judge

OF CIGARETTES

[including this menthol-cooled smoke]

PERHAPS you, too, have been tempted to join this nationwide discussion of Spud... the cigarette that actually, noticeably cools.

There is still time!

Spud has precipitated the great cigarette controversy of the age... never so many different comments from so many different people... from enthusiastic celebrities... from smoking beginners and smoking veterans... from those who like Spud and those who don't.

You have until the stroke of midnight, June 30th, to give us *your* Spud experience. So send it along. It may be *the* experience!

For example, do you find Spud's first puff a really delightful, cooling effect? Do you anticipate its fragrant little chill?

Does it taper off to lasting, moist-cool throat comfort throughout the whole first cigarette? And the next? And the next?

Is it the start of as much tobacco enjoyment as you want ...without that "smoked-out" feeling that pack-a-day smokers often get?

Come on! Light a Spud for inspiration and go to it!

LAST MONTH

$4,000 of CASH PRIZES

1st Prize	$1000
2nd Prize	500
3rd Prize	250
4th Prize	100
Next 5 Prizes $50 each	250
Next 10 Prizes 20 each	200
Next 40 Prizes 10 each	400
Next 100 Prizes 5 each	500
Next 400 Prizes 2 each	800

559 Prizes in all, totaling $4000

THE JUDGES:

FREDERICK C. KENDALL, Editor of "Advertising & Selling".

JOHN LEE MAHIN, Vice-President, Street Railways Advertising Company.

FLOYD W. PARSONS, Feature Writer, Editorial Director of several business papers and special writer for The Saturday Evening Post.

CONTEST DETAILS

1—Write a letter of 300 words or less, describing what you think of Spud Cigarettes. 2—Use one side of paper only. Put name and address on manuscript. 3—Address envelope to P. O. Box 2374, Louisville, Kentucky. 4—Envelope must be postmarked before midnight June 30, 1928. 5—No communications acknowledged. No manuscripts returned. 6—In case of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the full amount of the prize tied for. 7—Contestants agree to accept decision of judges as final. 8—Employees of Axton-Fisher Tobacco Company are not eligible.

AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., Inc., Louisville, Ky., *Largest Independent Cigarette Manufacturer*

SPUD

menthol-cooled

CIGARETTES

20 for 20¢

IF you do not now use Spud, you may have a sample (free) by addressing the manufacturer. If Spud Cigarettes are not obtainable near you, and you wish a supply for yourself or your friends, send stamps, check or money order for single package of 20 (20¢) or tin of 100 ($1.00); please name dealer.

FREE BOOKLET

It gives entertainingly, the story of Spud Cigarettes and what people have said about them. Use coupon.

Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.
PLEASE send free booklet, "Welcome, little stranger".

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

If you wish SPUD CIGARETTES, check below;
☐ Sample ☐ Package of 20 (Enclose 20¢)
☐ Tin of 100 (Enclose $1.00)

6—Ly.

*Name of Dealer*_____

A FLIP AND IT'S LIT

Release and it's out.

It Keeps Good Company!

In the smartest clubs and restaurants —among the well-turned-out men and women of business and society —the reigning favorite is the Ronson De-Light!

Their keen sense of values leads them naturally to this compact, beautiful, never-failing lighter. Nothing to lift up or spin—nothing to hurt the thumb or smudge the glove—a light with one motion, always! Sturdy construction, watch-like precision that assure long, faithful service!

The 78 models for pocket, purse, table and desk, and the wide variety of beautiful colors in skin, leather and metallic finishes, afford almost unlimited choice. Stop in today at your favorite cigar, jewelry, drug, haberdashery or sport shop or department store and select *your* Ronson De-Light—the instantaneous, positive lighter!

RONSON

(Trade Mark Reg. Fully P.'T.'D. Other Pats. Pend.)

DE~LIGHT

THE WORLD'S GREATEST Lighter $5.00 AND UP

THE ART METAL WORKS
Aronson Square, Newark, N. J.

Dealers are invited to write for complete catalog de luxe

[MEMORIAL DAY IS BORN] Continued from page forty-one

funeral was at its emotional peak up North.

The author of this celebration of grief was James Redpath, war correspondent and later founder of the Redpath Lyceum Bureau. He had accompanied Sherman on the March to the Sea, and after the fall of Charleston in February, 1865, had obtained his release to become superintendent of the freedmen's schools in that city. Redpath had been an antislavery writer and printer in the days when abolitionists like himself gathered around Old John Brown in bloody Kansas.

NOWHERE was the news of Lincoln's assassination so stupefying as in Union camps. The Federal soldiers idolized Lincoln with a unanimity not approached in any other class. In the Army of the Tennessee—the backbone of Sherman's army—this was particularly true. It was Western—so was Lincoln.

No matter how often their field commanders might be changed, blaming Lincoln for their failures, Union privates in all quarters of the army marched on, singing songs of "Father Abraham." In defeat they cursed their generals, the War Department, the politicians, but not Lincoln.

There was good reason for this worship.

Men in the ranks felt that Lincoln liked them better than he did their generals, seeing how few opportunities he missed to visit them in camp and field, and how he lavished a womanlike sympathy upon them in hospitals. Lincoln habitually sided with the common soldier in courts-martial, and the freedom with which he turned condemned men loose drove army disciplinarians nearly insane. Sometimes like a mother, sometimes like a father, he was always a parent to the troopers and they knew it.

It was the natural way of his heart — also of his brain. And it was natural for the soldier vote to be undeviatingly loyal.

The news of the assassination drove the soldiers frantic. Four years of killing had not hardened them against a death like this.

Redpath was in an atmosphere of soldiers' grief. He was working with Negroes to whom Lincoln was already a god before his martyrdom. "Marsa Linco'n, he walk de earf like de Lord," they said. Each day brought news, belatedly but eagerly received, of the mountainous funeral that the War Department, up North, was giving Lincoln. According to these reports flowers in profusion were burying the bier at every stop.

Redpath had been busy, too, in building a cemetery for the Union soldiers who had died in the prison camp at Charleston, and in these late April days he suggested to Negro pupils in the new schools that they pay their debt to the Northern dead men by decorating the graves.

Like wind the idea went through the colored population.

Redpath set a day, May 1, and was amazed when over 3,000—some reports say 10,000—persons, colored and white, poured out to the graveyard behind the muffled bands and marching soldiers contributed by the army for the occasion. Negro children and adults marched with their arms full of blossoms, singing John Brown's Body.

THE story of this came North and spread, as the soldiers, mustered out, came home through the summer of '66.

Here and there Northern orators in the memorial services of '68 and '69 cited it as the origin of Memorial Day.

A year later Southerners themselves celebrated a Memorial Day in Charleston with special poems, speeches, and flowers.

Always there will be a dispute over where the day began, because the day itself came from nowhere and—everywhere. The greater the number of claimants for its birthplace, the plainer the proof that the Republic was aching vaguely with eagerness to speak its grief after four years of killing. Seven hundred thousand men, Blue and Gray, were dead.

The funeral of the war's greatest figure pointed the way.

Each little fugitive decoration of graves across the land was a seed springing from ground that had been harrowed into fertility by the Lincoln funeral spectacle. Sentiment crystallized as that burial drama, with its pomp and storms of flowers, fitted into the mood of the moment.

The Indiana State House at Indianapolis, draped in mourning for the martyred President.

No one who saw that funeral train (7,000,000, it was estimated), or who looked into that opened coffin (1,500,000, it was said), or who read of the funeral orgy, missed those bewildering floods of flowers that descended upon the bier.

Walt Whitman, brooding over the spectacle, began his ode to the funeral train with:

When lilacs last in the door-yard bloom'd,
And the great star early droop'd in the western sky in the night,
I mourn'd—and yet shall mourn with ever-returning spring. . . .
Over the breast of the spring, the land, amid cities, . . .
Passing the apple-tree blows of white and pink in the orchards;
Carrying a corpse to where it shall rest in the grave,
Night and day journeys a coffin.

THE END

LUXURIANT HAIR

. . . how to keep it in spite of Tight Hats . . .

YOU may say "I've worn a tight hat for several years, and my hair is still thick"—but the fact is that close-fitting hats do cut off circulation and keep the scalp unnaturally warm and close. Sooner or later the harm will be done, unless you do something about it *now*.

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HAIR TONIC — TAROLEUM SHAMPOO

Pictures by
WILL PERRIN

The Office WIFE

Why the Boss Doesn't Want Her to Spill the Low-Down About Her Job

By GRACE ROBINSON

(Reading time: 16 minutes 35 seconds.)

"PAPA, what's a secretary?"

"A secretary, my son, is a female hired to keep her employer or boss from making a damn fool of himself."

"But, papa, I thought mamma did that. She's your wife."

"A secretary, darling, is an office wife."

The business man who thus explained why the present-day amanuensis is hired, thought so well of his little nifty that later he repeated it at a board of directors' meeting. His secretary, who was attending him, countered by remarking sweetly that *she* had virtually nothing to do. On the following Saturday she found an increase in her pay envelope.

The wife at home talks a great deal about the "childish" ways of her husband.

"He's just a great big boy—my Henry. If he didn't have me to pick up after him and look out for his buttons, I don't know what he'd do. Always wanting to be babied, and petted, and waited on."

She has a vague idea that Henry snaps out of this infantile dependence at the office—that to his secretary, for instance, he is a great, big, roaring executive—a human dynamo, a live wire in an otherwise inert world of commerce, a pacemaker in the march of progress, a granite block in the mighty structure of business integrity.

What a delusion!

The secretary—the office wife—knows differently.

If Henry appears childlike and helpless at home, he often seems moronic to his secretary. She must get him to his appointments, whitewash his blunders, and generally supervise the activities of a mentality that often stacks up as amœbalike in a biological rating.

His social ambitions, his business defeats, his morning-after grouches, his silly little flirtations, his terror of connubial reproof—all of these things are revealed to his secretary in their stark nakedness, unembellished by the self-laudatory explanations which he employs later in retailing the office news at home.

No man is the complete hero to his secretary. Because this is true, and because men don't want the world to find it out, I was put to no end of trouble recently in trying to write an article for LIBERTY on the secretarial vocation. The article was to give young girls the low-down on what a secretarial job is like—whether it is really the white-collar, high-heel profession it is generally painted as being, what the financial rewards are, and what price the secretary pays for success.

I visited a number of women secretaries who were lapping up what in this field is considered "big money."

Some of them refused to talk. The "old man" wouldn't like it, they said.

Others talked freely, giving information that was interesting, amusing, and of downright value to the young girl toying with the notion of stenographic work.

Since, incidentally, they told much about the relation between themselves and their employers, it was deemed advisable to obtain the consent of those gentlemen before publication of the article.

To my chagrin, the employers, one after another, turned thumbs down on the idea. They didn't want their secretaries to talk. In vain I pointed out that they might censor the article before it was turned over to LIBERTY. But there was, it appeared, "nothing doing."

FINALLY I located a secretary who, from report, would be a veritable Santa Claus as to information and anecdote. I called on her. She had a keen mind, an interesting personality, and a life story of struggle and hardship. Moreover, the man for whom she worked was the president of one of the largest and best known corporations in the world, with branches in almost every city and town in America.

This prize was willing to tell all about her profession, provided the exalted Mr. X didn't object.

Mr. X was salmon fishing. Back in two weeks. We waited. It seemed worth while.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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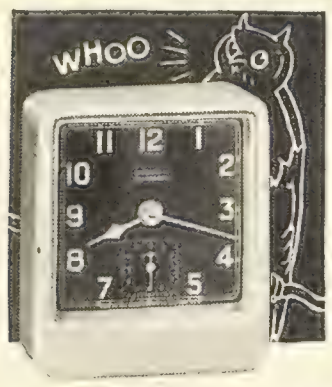

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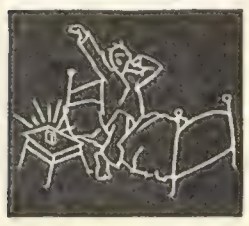

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[THE OFFICE WIFE
Continued from page forty-three]

Finally he returned.

Would he permit his secretary to tell about her job? Certainly. Why not? Indeed, he was rather intrigued with the idea. Casually he let it be known that he would like to see the article before it was published—a request to which I readily agreed.

His secretary told of the elaborate system of records, card indexes, and personal bookkeeping by means of which she kept his vast affairs in order. She told how she wrote most of his letters, these being submitted for his inspection before they were put into the mail. She made his engagements and saw that he kept them.

She recited her formula for getting rid of people—the insistent callers with "purely personal" business of such importance that it couldn't possibly be confided to a mere secretary. The bond salesman and the insurance sharp didn't exist who could get past her.

ALL this was fine. Great stuff! Just what we wanted. The article was written and submitted for Mr. X's approval. Then suddenly this affable executive changed into a kind of sacred iceberg.

He couldn't consider permitting the article to be published. He offered to reimburse the magazine for the writer's time—an offer which was, of course, refused. But he would not, under any circumstances conceivable in this world or the next, give his consent to publication of such an article.

In time we found a young woman for the subject of our yarn. She had been secretary to a big newspaper publisher. But he was dead. She had acted in a similar capacity for a famous advertising man. But now she had gone into business for herself.

She could talk freely. There were no pompous feelings in jeopardy.

We hastened into the mountains where she was vacationing, and got this young woman's story before fire, tornado, or other act of God should remove such a rare specimen from range of the reportorial microscope.

After investigation with the special help of this charming young woman, I am convinced that the office wife is the truly indispensable female. Before we proceed further, let us answer the question that has arisen in your mind.

If the office wife is such a success as the manager of a man's business life, why don't men marry their secretaries? Wouldn't they, by this ruse, bring the secretarial tact and sagacity to bear on their private physical and spiritual selves, thus achieving the perfect domestic state?

The answer is that a lot of men have tried it, and have been disillusioned when the efficient, modern woman left her typewriter and installed herself at the fireside.

We recall the instance of a certain lawyer in lower Broadway, New York, who married his secretary. She was the domineering type of assistant, and she domineered so intelligently that in time, for him, the fretting cares of the legal profession hardly existed.

Seeing how his troublous professional existence had been reduced to the beauty of order and convenience, he pondered on the merits of the girl who had accomplished this wonder. With her for the stage manager of one's life drama, the last trump itself would be deleted of all raucous notes.

How delightful if dinner at night, socks in the chiffonier drawer, studs in the evening shirt, the knock in the new motor, and the manners of one's future children could all be subjected to the same thoroughgoing, organizing mind that had brought peace into his business turmoil!

Being a man of good horse sense, he married her. But, being unversed in the ways of women, he didn't foresee what effect love and affection would have on his capable, commanding secretary. When women revert to their primitive selves, they adore being looked after.

THIS lawyer's high-handed amanuensis melted into the meekest, most adoring little wife a man ever had. His office associates, who had predicted she "would lead him around by the nose," are still astounded when she dulcetly calls him on the telephone: "When will you be home to dinner, love?"

He goes to shows and football games without her, and she makes no complaint. His home is subject to the same petty irritations that plague other average American domiciles. He had vaguely hoped his spirited wife would want to continue in some gainful occupation. He has a dependent mother, and sisters who are intermittently out of work. But she shows no disposition to augment the family income, and is immersed in her chintz-bordered world of pretty china and omelet soufflé.

A man's secretary must get him to his appointments.

WOMEN secretaries are constantly amazed by the delicate and personal tasks with which they are intrusted. Men are notoriously shiftless in the matter of sending birthday cards, writing personal letters, and shopping in town "for the wife."

"It is a ticklish business—this pinch hitting for the boss," relates one secretary. "Recently my boss went to Europe. Just before he sailed, he remembered his mother's birthday had slipped by and told me to send her one hundred dollars and a birthday card.

"I spent my whole noon hour trying to find a card that didn't bear a hackneyed inscription about 'mother o' mine.' I found one with a ready-made sentiment about gifts that are a day late. I signed it 'Ralph' and mailed it. I can imitate his signature perfectly.

"Later I realized I shouldn't have sent a 'day late' card. His mother knew the time of his sailing, and knew that on the date indicated the supposed sender was on the high seas. But there has never been a kick-back.

"Every year I have to buy my employer's valentine for his wife. Picking is poor in lower Broadway. One year I examined hundreds of idiotic cards, and finally selected one of good design but bearing a slushy sentiment—about 'the slim white maid I love more and more.' It was the best I could find. I expected a roar, but there was none. When the boss sent it out to me to be sealed, I noticed that below the sugary legend he had written: 'So's your old man.'

"Once I had to buy pants for him—khaki ones—to wear while working on the car. He gave me no directions as to size. He is fat. I was at my wit's end, but apparently I hit it right, for he made no complaint.

"My employer's wife was formerly his secretary. She was a snappy, capable business woman; but now that she can keep a governess and go to the Riviera in the winter, she can't summon the energy to figure out her household accounts.

"I often wonder what happens to some women once the marriage ceremony is over.

"Every month she sends her household budget to the office, and expert accountants go over it. These men, already harassed with overwork, must worry over items for hair wavings, baby's milk, and lawn mowings. Sometimes she upsets the whole office over a twenty-five-cent refund on some article of merchandise, costing her husband dollars in office labor.

"Every month I pay milk bills

and servants, check up their telephone bills to be sure the maid hasn't called up her policeman too often, and perform other domestic duties. Every month I make a trial balance of the boss' personal finances. Among other jobs, I have to watch his wine supply and check off all the bottles that have been drunk.

"When the family is out of town in the summer, I may be obliged to spend my noon hour buying lollipops and fancy caps for a party his little daughter, Mary Jane, is giving. When his new baby came I bought the scales and exchanged bonnets that were too large.

"I write many of his personal letters. This is tough, because it never occurs to him that I don't know all his friends. It helps if he gives me the letter that is to be answered. If it starts off 'Dear Skipper,' I know the writer is a college chum and I try to write football-ishly. I always feel foolish when I hand him one of these epistles. He never comments. Just glances through, and signs.

"It is also up to me to get new servants past the Ellis Island authorities, and to arrange for passports when they want to visit their mothers in the old country.

"When a parade comes to town I take the boss' children out, buy them peanuts, and keep them entertained. The wife won't mix in the hurly-burly."

The shabby apparent job-hunter turned out to be the wife of the boss.

GETTING her employer's child into a fashionable school was the astonishing task imposed on one young woman secretary to a prominent New Yorker.

She wrote to a dozen of his more prominent friends requesting them to write "boosting letters" to the school. The rich youngster was finally listed for enrollment, to take effect many years later.

Many men owe much of their business success to the untiring "promotion" efforts of their stenographers. I know one girl who watches the membership lists of the swankier clubs.

"You ought to belong to this club. These people are important for you to know," she may observe, and if her employer's O. K. is forthcoming, schemes are immediately put into motion looking toward his election.

Where a man is unmarried, the burden of his Christmas shopping almost always falls upon his secretary. If he marries, her troubles may only increase. I recall a Boston girl who does all the Christmas purchasing for the wives of the members of her firm.

"Something for my mother-in-law." "Something for my neighbor, Mrs. Jones," say the lists, and the secretary, who has never seen these persons, is expected to use her judgment! Experience has taught her not to economize in gift shopping.

The Christmas list of a certain millionaire New Yorker was enough to give a trained diplomat pause. His secretary kept a card catalogue of his friends from year to year and played a kind of chess with them. For instance, a social leader's card showed, "1922, gold mesh bag; 1923, feather fan; 1924, silver vase." In 1925 the watchful office wife shifted "silver vase" to an actress' name and scheduled the social leader to receive a vanity bag, similar to the one the actress had received the year before.

It is axiomatic in business that a secretary should be well dressed. Too often men discover that the young Cleopatra of the typewriter is a more dashing figure than the Octavia of the fireside. One employer admired his stenographer's clothes so much that he persuaded his wife to consult the young woman on sartorial problems.

HE had advertised for a maid. The applicants came to his office. When a listless looking woman in a battered henna hat and run-down heels strolled in one morning, the snappy, tweed-suited secretary assumed this was a job-hunter. She turned out to be the boss' wife.

"He asked me how I managed to look well all the time," this secretary relates, "and I told him I bought largely from friends in the wholesale business. Would I outfit his wife? He gave me seventy-five dollars for this purpose, and Mrs. M——, slightly embarrassed, came with me.

"She had regular features and a good figure, was only thirty-three, and should have been a knock-out on his ten-thousand-a-year salary. But she was the intellectual type, totally lacking in clothes talent. Mr. M—— preached economy so eloquently at home that she felt she should buy only the cheapest things. She wore 'sensible' shoes when she should have worn dainty ones. The shoulders of her suits hung too far down. She never powdered her nose, and she wore her hair unbecomingly.

"'My husband always tells me at night what you have worn at the office,' Mrs. M—— confided, as we started out. 'He would like me to look like you. But I can't. I'm not the same type.'

"This seemed pathetic to me. She adored her husband. She lived for him and their three children. But he had never even given her an engagement ring—said he didn't believe in those things.

"He worshiped beauty. Yet at home he had all the elements of beauty in his own wife, and he left their cultivation to his secretary.

"She had never paid more than six dollars for shoes. I made her pay twelve. I got her a blue tailored suit. She protested it was too plain.

"I got her a simple, smart felt hat—the kind of thing she wore best. She became almost tearful over the cost of everything.

"'Mr. M—— will be furious,' she argued.

"'Oh, I'll fix it up with him,' I assured her, and led her to a good shoe store, where we bought gunmetal pumps with bright buckles.

"He *was* upset over the costs. But he softened when he got a slant at his wife. With her new clothes, and her hair rearranged, and powder on her nose, she was more alluring than he had ever seen her.

"I BOUGHT Mr. M——'s ties and socks for him. When he built a new house, I supervised the decorating and furnishing of his living room. I selected the color scheme—mauve and taupe—and made great looking window drapes out of some old portières. Mrs. M—— resented my interference, I know. But she was polite.

"Although I did many personal things for Mr. M—— I never composed his letters. He was too egotistical for that. He filled them with literary allusions. If he declaimed, 'When the gods chuckle, they forgive,' I knew enough to sit back and admire the great mind I was working for. That was part of my job.

"He hired me in the first place because out of thirty applicants I was the only one that stood up under his test question.

"'Lycurgus says he who knows how to speak also knows when,' he had dictated sonorously. 'Who wrote that?'

"'It's from Plutarch's Lives,' I had answered.

"The job was mine. You see, he wanted a girl who could appreciate his mental attainments."

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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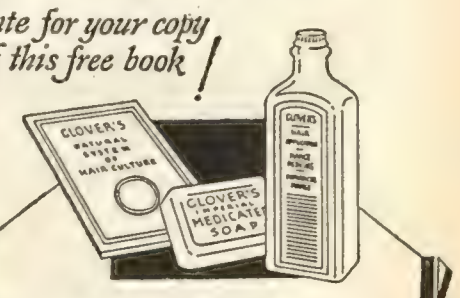

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[THE OFFICE WIFE
Continued from page forty-five]

Employers often become querulous in their demands. The late Frank A. Munsey is an example. He was supposed to drink water at stated hours, and wanted to be reminded. One day he appeared at his office in an angry mood. It was 2 P. M., and he hadn't had his water.

"But how could I remind you, Mr. Munsey? You were at the Union League Club," protested his secretary.

"Why didn't you call me up?" persisted the irate publisher.

After that, his secretary telephoned him at imbibing time if he was not in the office.

A well known advertising man had a mania for orderliness. He called in his secretary and pointed to his pin tray. All the pins pointed in the same direction except one.

"Do you see that pin?" he roared. "Do you realize I might pick up a pin and cut myself? I expect you to see that these pins are in order."

The office wife, more than any other human being, sees her employer when he is not his club and Wall Street self.

SAID one seasoned amanuensis: "I am constantly astounded at the way in which some business men lay themselves open to romantic entanglements and possible blackmail in their office connections. Many a stenographer is obliged to do the heavy alibi act over the phone, telling the wife of her boss he has a business appointment when in reality it is a date with some devastating blonde."

The tender emotion, when it is born between a man and his office wife, is not conducive to increased efficiency on the part of the girl. "There's no doubt that office necking lowers a girl's business morale. You can't be terribly snappy if your mind is constantly on the person in the next room," one office wife declared.

The cellaret, a not unusual article of office furniture, frequently gives zest to "rush work" that must be done after business hours.

Dangerous flirtations with married men, as well as delightful romances resulting in marriage, are a frequent outcome of the propinquity enforced by the confines of the business sanctum.

In a dignified establishment a pretty blonde obtained such power over a sedate executive that the night watchman complained about the "goings on" in that office. The boss fired her. She refused to go. Finally he bought her off for a large sum. His office has never forgotten the régime of "Gladys."

A not unparalleled example of secretarial diplomacy is that of a young man sojourning at Carlsbad with his millionaire bachelor employer. The secretary walked into the latter's room and found a beautiful girl there with the boss, both in negligée. He checked the exclamation that rose to his lips and walked out. Neither he nor his boss ever alluded to the incident.

THE office wife frequently gets an astounding low-down on the real wife. A case in point is that of a famous American actress who was about to sail for the Orient. She called at the office of her young millionaire husband and flew into a rage because the office had not obtained enough traveler's checks for her. Picking up an inkwell she hurled it on her husband's desk, spattering the black fluid over the secretary and over valuable papers scattered about.

The husband reddened.

"I beg your pardon, Miss B——," he stammered to his office wife. "I'm very sorry this has happened."

Then he took his real spouse into a private room where the help, at least, would be safe from her tantrums!

When her boss has his moments, the office wife does not forget the weapon that is also the real wife's chief defense. It is more deadly than daggers. It is tears!

But perhaps you understand now why men don't want their secretaries to be interviewed for publication!

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

(Answers will be found on page seventy-six)

1—What is the birthstone for June?
2—What is the macrocosm?
3—What is the capital of Bulgaria?
4—Where is the Sistine Chapel?
5—The original manuscript of what world-famous book recently was sold at auction for $75,250?
6—For whom was Virginia named?
7—Did General Winfield Scott participate in any war prior to that with Mexico?
8—What is meant by *noblesse oblige?*
9—What is genealogy?
10—Who was "Oom Paul" Kruger?
11—What is the name of the railroad generally called the Burlington?
12—What name is given to a number multiplied by another?
13—What is the present form of government in Austria?
14—What psalm begins, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want"?
15—What is a caravansary?
16—What bone of the human body is called the femur?
17—What is the usual nickname for Illinois?
18—What is common to all of these places: Saratoga, Trenton, White Plains, Yorktown?
19—What is a busby?
20—What story introduces the character *Arthur Dimmesdale?*

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Ten Years Ago This Week

The Story of CANTIGNY *and* CHÂTEAU-THIERRY

(Reading time: 20 minutes 16 seconds.)

By

FREDERICK PALMER

RIVERS of armed men! For nearly four years they had been flowing. Rivers on main roads that spread to little roads, and then seemed lost in the earth as they went into the trenches.

But the men of this river were not as others. The sight of them held a new thrill in the four years of thrills, such a thrill as only they could give—the thrill that touches home to your own people.

Not a French river this time. Not British. But American. It was our First Division on its way to the first American offensive at Cantigny on May 27.

"Now they're off! See what the Americans did at Cantigny!" would have rung in the world's headlines if the third German offensive had not taken the front page. But let that wait.

In the ears of the officers, as their chief had faced them in a group on a raw, drizzling spring day, were Pershing's final words of injunction. An unprepared speech. Across the span of ten years it brings back the motive and the crisis of the hour:

"You are about to enter this battle of the greatest war in history, and in it you represent the mightiest nation engaged.

"Let the officers keep close to their men, not aloof; make the men feel you are their real leaders and they can rely upon you."

Pershing called to mind that centuries of European military tradition and history were watching them. Behind them were their own national traditions, which should make them the best soldiers in the war.

"We come from a young and aggressive nation that for one hundred and forty years has stood before the world as the champion of the sacred principles of human liberty," he went on. "We now return to Europe, the home of your ancestors, to help defend the same principles on European soil.

"Our people are hanging expectant upon your deeds. The future is hanging upon your action in this conflict. You are going forward, and your conduct will be an example for succeeding units of our army."

In other words, as the First, if you would be first, now prove your right. You have been impatient for the day, doughboy. Here it is!

As the pioneer division, the First had been the first summoned from the American training ground in eastern France to the west in the crisis of the great German offensives. Anything else would have been considered a slight, an invasion of its rights, by the First.

It had held quiet trenches as an introductory step. It had served on the ugly Toul front in winter sleet under the harassing German guns on high Mont Sec. The Second and Twenty-sixth had taken their turns there. The First was free for its final lesson.

MANY commands, much cussing, much misery had passed since the advance units of the First, with a sprinkling of regular officers and noncoms among its recruits, with all to learn, had landed at St. Nazaire in June, '17.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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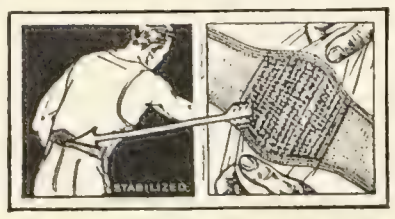


Topkis Togs—Our new line of "athletic shorts," called Topkis Togs, come in white and assorted combinations—tailored the careful Topkis way.

[TEN YEARS AGO THIS WEEK]
Continued from page forty-seven

Were these the same men, faces keen, bodies formed in a common mold?

Yes, all as planned, more than 27,000 of them—twice the size of a French division, fit size for a big country—many footed, many wheeled, artillery and infantry knit together in a unit of ordered movement to the front. Just what was ahead of them? Half fighting was over—real fighting to begin. They looked as if they knew how. When they came out they would know more—those who survived.

The need of not only one but many divisions of such as they was written on the map; on the faces of women and children and old men in the doorways. In old Beauvais, through which they passed, sandbags were being put up to protect the ancient cathedral from German shells. Who would have thought that after nearly four years of war Beauvais might be in range of German guns?

EATING up the miles, rigid columns breaking ranks and swarming at night in billets in villages—which, as rigid columns, they left vacant the next day—the soldiers of the First came into the region of young wheat fields spattered with fresh shell holes. They would have better understood their part, and the great situation in which they were pawns, if all the land north to the English Channel could have been spread before them from a high place.

They would have seen the hills of ancient Picardy slashed with the white chalk outlines of the rows of new trenches the British were digging back of their old ones that the first German offensive of '18 had won. In flat Flanders beyond they would have seen more fresh earth shell torn where the second German offensive was being held by British "back against the wall" pluck, while Foch hastened French reserves to their assistance.

And back behind that new livid front, with its ceaseless roar of artillery fire, German shock divisions were to form into another gray-green avalanche. Where would it strike next time in continuing the German plan for the decision?

Looking south to Brest, the American port of disembarkation, they would have seen our destroyers speeding forth to meet convoys of ships in their weird camouflage stripes and blotches—American, British, Japanese, or any vessels that could be brought into service. On them were soldiers from our home training camps answering the call, "For God's sake, hurry, Americans, or you will be too late."

And—of the divisions already arrived and those coming—the pathfinder First was to be the spearhead of this rising American force against the German force; of our plan of victory against the German plan.

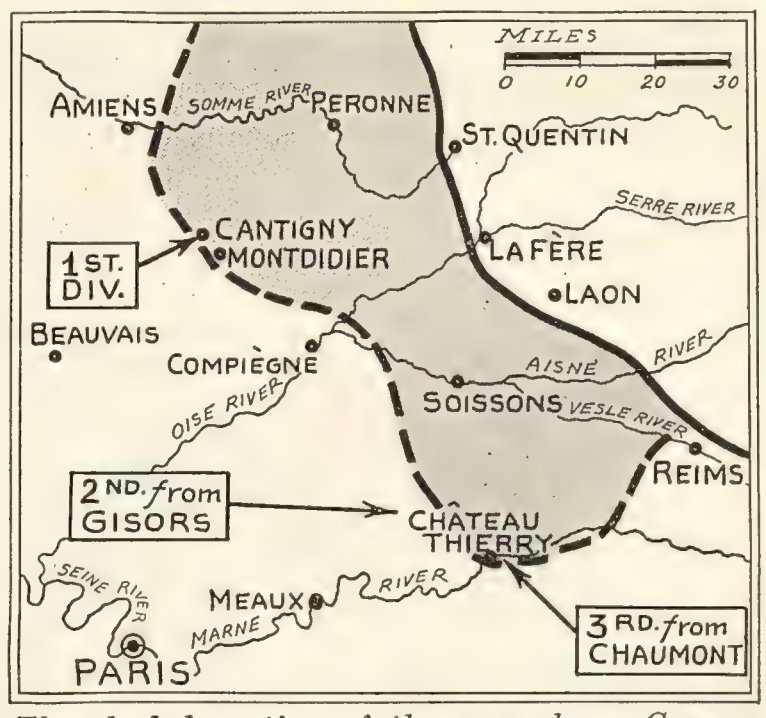
No settling down this time in old trenches behind deep stretches of rusting barbed wire; no thick-walled dugouts waiting to protect them; no deep communication trenches built in the years of siege warfare.

THE First was going in at the nose of the Montdidier salient. If the Germans struck there the First would be in the thick of the attack. All hellishly, tumultuously bleeding raw, that front. Both sides meant to keep it alive, that it should never become dug in, stationary. Fresh shell-plowed earth was being daily plowed and harrowed by shell fire. The roofs of villages never in the range of shells before were being tumbled into their cellars.

Compared to what was before it the First's previous service had been like road work, shadow boxing, bag punching in training quarters. A supple line now. Small outposts in the shell holes at the extreme front. Reliefs picking their way over the choppy shell area. Guns moved up close to the grips. Ugly artillery duels of combatants stripped for action. It was like mixing it with a heavyweight sparring partner as final preparation for going into the ring for the championship bout before the crowd.

War in the open—the war of movement. This suited our plan for the final lesson in soldier forming. We could not win the war with an army that had the siege war habit; not with a trench-tied army. The offensive training was dominant in the Pershing mind; the self-reliant, aggressive sort, making the most of the natural American initiative.

There being no German drive in sight on the First's front, it would make one of its own—the first American offensive! That would mean more than soil gained or num-



The shaded portion of the map shows German gains in the offensives of 1918. The solid line was the Teuton battle front as the drive began; the broken line shows maximum gains in Allied territory. The arrows show where American troops were active.

ber of prisoners taken. It would be a test of character of all divisions coming; a test of capacity of America in so short a time to make a war machine, which had been so much doubted; a test of the whole American effort.

Allied spirits would rise or fall by this first trial of the new force on which they based their hopes. German spirits, too, would rise or fall. Therefore had Pershing's training been so thorough—to make sure that the first jump off would be a leap. Therefore all the infinite pains, all the rehearsals.

If the Germans, mindful of the moral effect, had ample warning of this first American offensive, they might prepare to receive it with a terrific concentration ribbed with machine guns and studded with artillery that would beat us down in our tracks. Then German propaganda would say to the German soldier:

"That ends the worry about the Americans. You see what happens to the Yankee amateurs when they come against Old World professionals."

Initiative? An example of it

U. S. Official photo

Doughboys of the First Division watching artillery fire preceding the advance on Cantigny.

appeared when a German trench raid took an American prisoner. That "bird"—everybody was a bird in those days—might be the talkative kind who would have his tongue loosened by a good cigar and a glass of beer and give the show away. We must have that bird back before he has time to spill anything. His buddies went out and wrestled with his captors in the shell craters and brought him in.

SPIRIT? Slim, wiry General Robert Lee Bullard, with his Southern accent, commanded the First. Not much fat to resist winter winds, but the fighting heart of him was in his remark just as a supplement to the Pershing speech:

"If you are determined to die in your tracks, you will not die, but the other fellow will if you know how to fight."

Now, you birds of the First, if you don't know what is expected of you, it's time you took the "moron" test. Fighting Summerall, afterward commander of the First and then of a corps, had the division artillery, which explains why there was no shyness in pushing up to the guns. Bullard afterward commanded a corps and an army. The First was a training school for generals.

Labor? No one need mention to any division which was in it in '18 what labor is. To get a jumping-off assembly trench the First dug a trench two miles long and three feet deep overnight. That not suiting plans, they dug another—all to appear as if it were for defense and deceiving the enemy as to the real intention.

THE Twenty-eighth Infantry, as it was its turn at the front—and no jealous rival dared say it nay—had the honor of leading the attack.

Labor? Each man went in on that morning of the 28th of May—after all the final instructions from American officers and French advising officers to add to the load—with 220 rounds of ammunition, two hand grenades, one rifle grenade, two canteens filled with water and rations for two days, one shelter tent half, four sandbags, one pick, one shovel, leaving overcoat and blanket behind. Anyone who kicks at bringing a five-pound package home from the grocery and who thinks that motor trucks carried everything for the doughboys, please take notice.

That village on a hill and the rising ground on either side was what the First was after. Artillery fire right, advance timed right, everything right, according to schedule. The men of the First got what they were after in the most approved style. They were surprised to find how well they had done. The Germans, in their irritation that amateurs should have put this over on them, raged back with all their guns could fire. They counterattacked and counterattacked fiercely. But the First held.

"Now we guess the folks at home will know where we are—right on top of Cantigny hill—and that we are somebody in the big show."

Allied propaganda had been prepared, and the war correspondents' corps had been tipped off. But the world was to know little about the success meant to have such wide publicity. The wires were humming with another story. The reporters were hastening to Château-Thierry. The spotlight had been turned elsewhere the morning before the First's drive.

In the matter of public glory the First was in the position of the statesman who explained that the reason why the speech of his life got only a couple of paragraphs was that on the same day there burst into the editorial rooms the news of an earthquake and a tidal

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[TEN YEARS AGO THIS WEEK]
Continued from page forty-nine

wave, a collision between Atlantic liners in mid-ocean, a panic on the Stock Exchange, and a European revolution.

Glory or not, the First had proved it knew its onions, which was a sign that our other divisions, molded in the same form, would know theirs. The German staff took private note of the fact, though it missed the headlines.

Mustered, refreshed for battle, the German shock divisions were like some mighty monster on its toes ready to spring, as its ferret eyes peered and its tentacles felt for the weak spot for the next lunge. This was not to be from Montdidier to Flanders, where the gains of the first and second German drives had been made and where the Allies were re-enforced and on guard.

The German High Command decided to break new ground again. It chose that "quiet place on the Aisne." So Marshal Foch, the Allied generalissimo, had called it when he sent a British corps there, far from the British front, "to rest" after two months' fighting against the first and second German offensives.

This British corps and a thin line of tired French on a line thirty miles long were to face the assault of twenty-five German divisions, with fifteen in reserve, which had concentrated as softly as the moccasined tread of Red Indians creeping up on a Forty-niner's camp fire.

A "quiet place" on top of a volcanic cone about to erupt. Two prisoners, taken in a trench raid on the night of the 26th, gave the French the first information of what was coming. No time in which to bring up re-enforcements if any had been near.

AT 1 in the morning of the 27th, the day before the Cantigny offensive, all the silently marshaled tiers of German artillery broke their storm of shell fire on the first and second line Allied trenches. At 4 A. M., after this steel sleet had crushed and shredded resistance, the German infantry, in its new infiltrating tactics, moved forward behind the shield of the advancing barrage of shells.

Foch had received not a rabbit punch, but a blow with the right at the back of the head when he was looking the other way. He had had to play defensive tactics until the Americans arrived in force in France. So he must wait for the German to show his hand. Meanwhile he must try to divine where the German would show it, so as to be ready. And Foch was all unready on the Aisne.

In their third offensive Hindenburg and Ludendorff had secured the complete surprise which they had sought in the first and second, and had not quite gained. Had the Germans won the war it would have been an immortal bit of strategy. It is final victory which glorifies clever strokes during a war, and final victory which makes miscalculations forgotten, as was Foch's on the Aisne.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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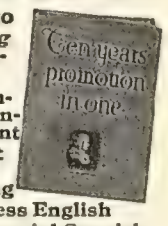

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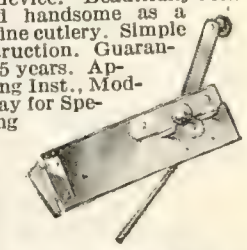

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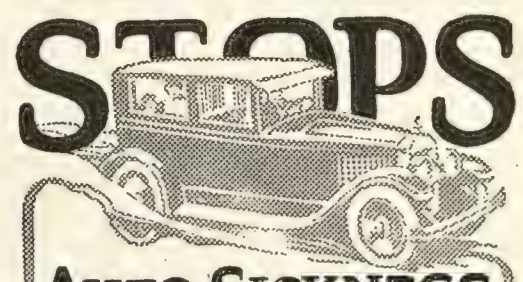

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By Hugh Fullerton

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY]

The men in the Allied line were engulfed and caught in the undertow of the German infantry advance. They fought as veterans will, driven against the ropes, expending themselves as that tidal wave of blows kept bearing more rollers forward.

U. S. Official photo
Major General Omar Bundy.

Before nightfall on May 27 the Germans had gained half a big day's march on clear roads for troops in column in heavy marching order; a depth of twelve miles through the area of Allied and machine guns.

Small wonder, then, that the world, staring in a paralysis of wonder at the map, overlooked the incident of one division's offensive there at Cantigny, when in another part of the line, long out of mind, twenty-five German divisions had made the greatest advance of any offensive in the war in France in a single day.

Lost, all the gains of the costly French offensive of the spring of '17; lost, the infamous old Chemin des Dames, the butcher's road along the ridge for four years; lost, many bastions so hardly won and so bitterly and proudly held; lost, the old Aisne trench system formed after the German retreat in the first Battle of the Marne. Remnants of defending battalions were naked in the open, on roads crowded with refugees who yesterday felt as secure in their villages behind the lines as on the banks of the Missouri or the Hudson.

U. S. Official photo
Major General R. L. Bullard.

So much for the first day. Take heart of hope in Foch's strategic reserve. That would be in on the second day. Foch had known how weak that Aisne line was. He had found out that Ludendorff knew it, too.

BUT Foch could not be sure that Ludendorff was committed to carrying through on the Aisne line, as Ludendorff was not until easy success drew him on. It might be a feint to draw Allied reserves away from the west, where the heavy blow was to be struck. And so Ludendorff did have Flanders in mind after the Aisne show. Foch could not wear his reserves out marching them hither and thither.

U. S. Official photo
Major General C. P. Summerall.

It was not the Napoleonic or Civil War days of short lines, when the commander, posted on a hill, could send an orderly to swing the reserves under his eye into action. Foch had a battle line more than 300 miles long. His reserves were days' marches away. Motor busses and railroad trains had to be summoned; and not enough at command.

And the German shock divisions were fresh on the battlefield, their guns behind them, for next day's tidal wave.

They had the jump. It carried them on, but not for so deep an advance, on the 28th. That was better; just a little consolation. But on the 29th they had gone equally far. And Soissons, a city. Yes, Soissons now! Ah, that was a point to the public on the map. The Germans had swept through its streets as if on parade. Then on toward Villers-Cotterêts and Paris, down the slopes of the valley of the Ourcq, up to the Marne walls looking down on Château-Thierry and on to that winding peaceful river—the famed Marne of many battles. In three days they had taken 40,000 prisoners and 400 guns, their losses light compared to previous offensives.

NO denying the truth in the black lines on the map. The *communiqué* had to admit it. On the 30th the Germans were on the banks of the Marne. They had Château-Thierry.

All through French history it had been true that if you did not stop the invader on the Marne, Paris was his. On the 31st they had gone over the hills beyond Château-Thierry—toward Paris. They were within fifty miles of Paris. Win as many miles more as they had won, and Paris would be under their guns.

Coming up from the rear toward the field, it looked to me as if all the movement was away from the front; all toward Paris. Glazed the eyes of the groggy, beaten soldiers who were mixed with the refugees. They were as tired fighters after many long rounds who had risen from their corners to meet the sudden burst of power of an adversary as fresh as in the first round. They had done all they could. They accepted fate. And that is the way that war decisions are made.

There was confusion, hectic, groping uncertainty in new headquarters trying to gather forces and fresh supplies out of the air—when all that front line was gone, when the wall of steel had been broken. It was as if the bottom had dropped out of things. Never, in all the four years, had I felt such despair in the atmosphere. It seemed as if the sword had suddenly splintered in the Allied hands.

This, when it was hoped that the first two German offensives had worn down German numbers and initiative! This, after four years in which France had given the last of her strength!

Had Foch no reserve after all? Could the Germans strike wherever they pleased? Could they

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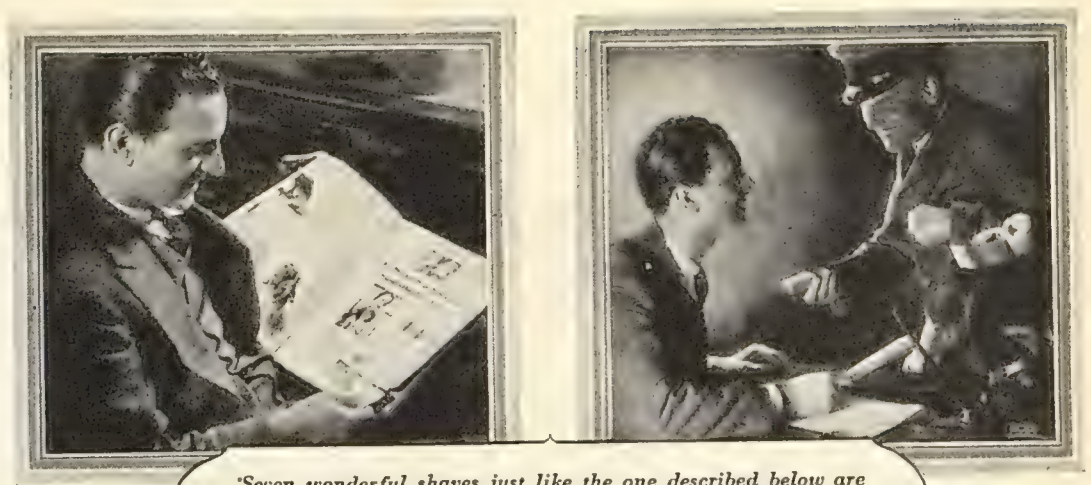

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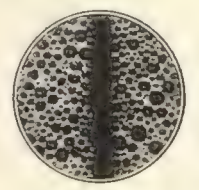
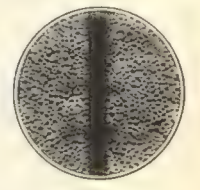


Ordinary Lather
Photomicrograph of ordinary lather surrounding single hair. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water against the beard.



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The name McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Compound Tablets has been shortened—just ask for McCoy's Tablets at any good druggist.

McCOY'S TABLETS

[TEN YEARS AGO THIS WEEK]
Continued from page fifty-one

strike where nobody was there? Could they go through the Allied line as if it were paper? Were they getting better with every offensive, while the Allies got weaker—weaker a year after America had entered the war?

And where were the Americans? Must France submit to the hurricane as it had in '70 and after Waterloo? Well, so be it. Kismet!

I recall one confident note. It came from an old peasant with sharp, shrewd eyes, a gleam of steel out of the nest of crow's-feet. He had had word in '14 that one son had died on the field of honor for France. Another was out there at the front.

"We always stop them on the Marne," he said. "We'll stop them now."

He was thinking not of '70, but of battles France had won on that river. Clemenceau was speaking for the brave heart of him when he cried in the Chamber of Deputies: "I fight in front of Paris; I fight in Paris; I fight behind Paris."

WHERE were the Americans? Far away, too. In those first days as helpless as the fire brigade of Chicago to assist in putting out a fire in New York until they got there. Pershing's offer of the last man against the Germans in their first offensive still held good. There were many more who could be in at the last than in March. We had 600,000 men in France on May 27, 400,000 being combat troops, the rest employed in the service of supply.

Some divisions had been just landed back of the British army, more than 100 miles away: the Fourth, the Twenty-eighth, the Thirtieth, the Thirty-fifth, the Seventy-seventh, and the Eighty-second. They had not their artillery yet; they had not been in trenches. Their last-man job was behind the British. The Twenty-seventh and the Thirty-third were at the port of Brest, getting their land legs, waiting for trains.

The Twenty-sixth, the Thirty-second, the Forty-second, and one regiment of the Ninety-third were in the trenches in eastern France. No taking them out until someone took their place. The Forty-first was way down at Tours, and the Third and Fifth—the Third having been longer in training—were near Chaumont.

So there were the Americans, when Foch had no thought of needing them, in a "quiet place on the Aisne." And they had no wings. But a part of the Third had the next thing to it. Orders to move, and quick. They knew where after reading the *communiqués*. No trench service yet; but they were to skip that primary grade.

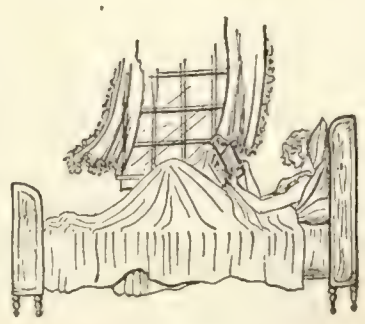
"I have seen them—*les Américains!* They are coming!" I hear that shout yet from a French farmer rushing down from his field on a hilltop to spread the news in a village a few miles back of the Marne. "They went past like a streak."

The Third had no artillery yet,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

You Read

And Read



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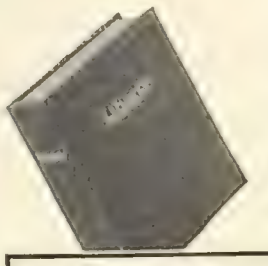

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-TWO]

but it had a motorized machine-gun battalion which was burning up the road toward Château-Thierry, leaving the rest of the division to follow. A glimpse of the Marne's silver streak. Then a sight of the streets of Château-Thierry, the Germans swarming in upon the straggling, outnumbered French.

Get in anywhere—and the first Americans in, these machine gunners of the Third, ran hot into it, catch as catch can. They helped cover the retreat of the French across the bridge. Then they dug in on the south side of the river, and let the Germans know that the other bank was no place for a promenade.

Cantigny—where Yanks and French blocked the Germans.

U. S. Official photo

There was another rescue party between Paris and the enemy. No rubbernecking excursion, this, on trains of motor busses.

"The dust tastes good," said a Frenchwoman as she swung her arms to urge them on.

"*Les Américains!*"

HERE was something going toward the front instead of coming away from it.

"Place for the Second!"

A ready division, fully equipped, trench hardened, one brigade of regulars, one of marines, the pioneer division after the First—28,000 men in all. The Second had been at Gisors, more than 100 miles from Château-Thierry, about to relieve the First after Cantigny. A bit of strategic reserve that looked good to Foch in that crisis—hence the bus ride.

When I think of the Second I think of the famous old Paris-Metz road between La Ferté and Château-Thierry. I see its battalions on the march after they were debussed. I see the columns of trained men—"their carved faces; their Red Indian faces," as the French called them—going forward through the sad mess of refugees in flight from the storm in the company of the straggling, dragging, broken men in uniform who had been their defense.

I see the despairing faces, white from fatigue and fear. Then came hard muscle and steel, and, at the vision, faces lighted, eyes sparkled, children joined the chorus: "*Les Américains!* They have come! They have come!" Far and near along other roads on to the wavering ranks of weary fighters. It was supreme succor, the only kind that counts in such distress. Two-fisted, steel-knuckled aid for battered French poilus when they thought they could not hold for another hour.

There is a schoolhouse at Montreuil-aux-Lions on that Paris-Metz road. I stopped there last winter. The children were at their lessons. Here General Omar Bundy established the Second's headquarters.

Scouting German planes whirred overhead on that afternoon of May 31. The Germans were still advancing. They had the Marne on which to rest their flank as their front bulged toward Paris along the Paris road.

Clemenceau might talk about fighting at Paris. Brave words, but only words. Paris must be saved in front of Paris. And Paris lost? All the railroads of France centered there! What disorganization then for a beaten army!

Many munition depots had risen at Paris. They were already being evacuated. The Paris army offices were packing up to go.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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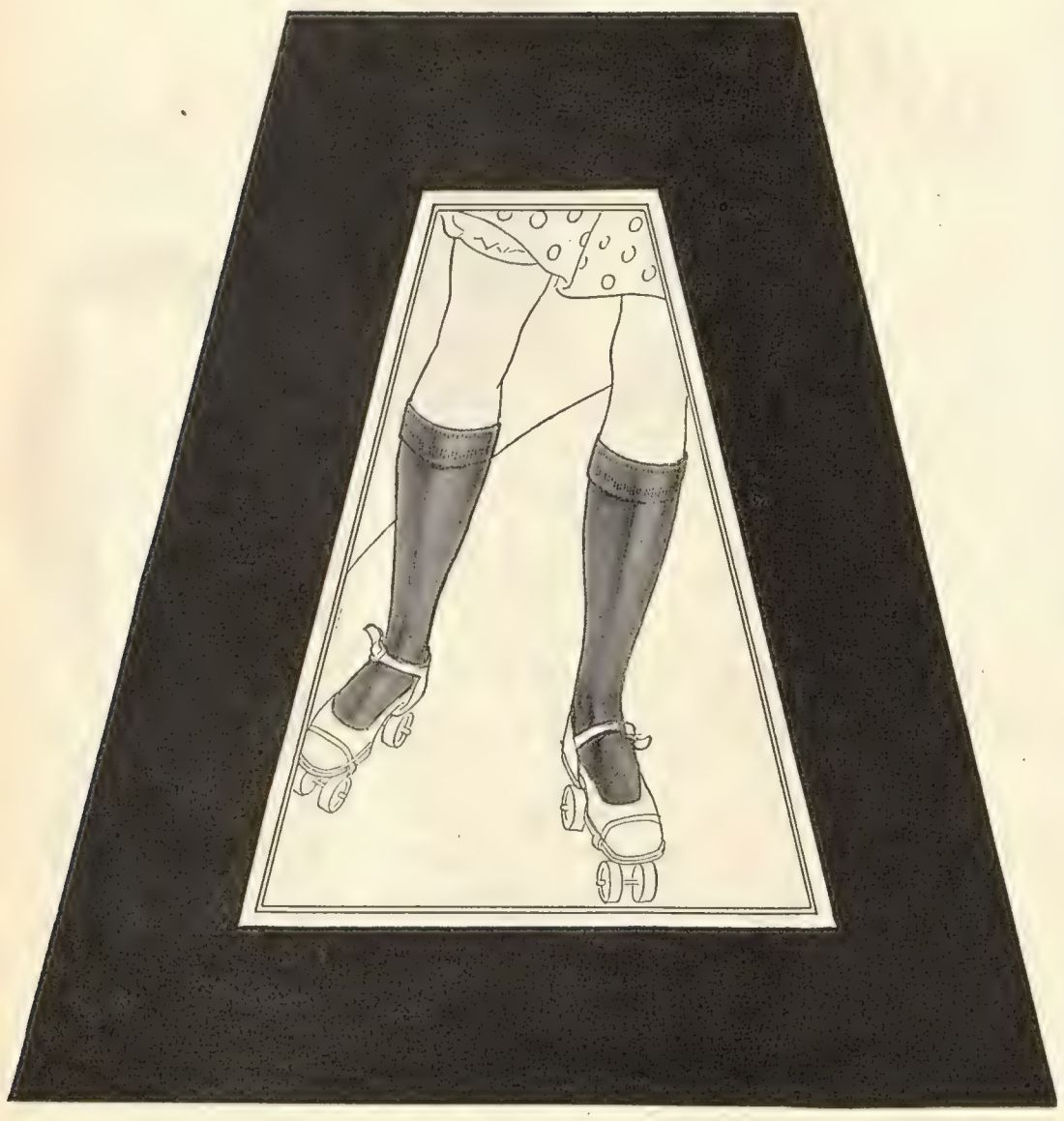

SMALL FOLKS LIKE
Swagger Hose, Too!

"Why," whys young Janet, and Tom of ten, "should we wear out those plain old durable stockings and leave our pretty ones for some special day?"

And, after all, why shouldn't they wear gay and pretty hose every single day of their important little lives? Now, for the most economical prices, mother, you can get such wearing strength as will fill your blessedly economical self with delight . . . and in the newest of swagger patterns and bright colors . . . just like expensive, imported hose.

Be sure and ask for Everwear next time you go to the store for hose, and another bit of domestic warfare will be ended . . . for the most choosy youngster will proudly wear pretty and durable "Everwears" every day throughout the year.

Everwear hosiery always comes in black and white checkered boxes. Ask at your store. If Everwear hose are not found there, then will you write us?

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Pioneer makers of quality hosiery for women, men and children
Milwaukee - - - Wisconsin

Everwear
SUPREME VALUE
Hosiery
TRADE MARK

[TEN YEARS AGO THIS WEEK]
Continued from page fifty-three

Paris lost, and half of France was lost! Then we must fight well south in a welter of re-forming columns among many million refugees. Our scattered divisions could only draw back to a new line, to stall while all the manhood of America must come on the bridge of ships.

It was in the light of the "inside truth" that I saw the fresh Second going in. Did I say fresh? Some of the men had been packed twenty-four hours in busses; some two nights without sleep. Some had been without food for thirty-six hours. All had been the victims of changing French orders as to where the Second should be sent in.

And back there I had heard them singing merrily The Gang's All Here. Too near, now; songs might forewarn the enemy. Silent now; but yet fresh, unbattered by battle, groomed for battle, all the hardening of eight months' training in chins pointed toward the front.

BEYOND the schoolhouse they had the road to themselves—the stripped arena for action. On into the unknown—against the advancing Germans. Quite a dramatic moment for the Second Division, U. S. A.

So they came to grips there in the open. And the Germans struck, not worn, dazed fighters in broken units after many grilling rounds, but a force with a first-round kick, riveted to the ground, and using that American weapon, the rifle, spitting accurate fire.

The Germans, exhausted in extending themselves and in face of what blocked the Paris road in front of them, concluded that they were entitled "to take breath."

The regular brigade of the Second had the south of the road; the marines, under Harbord, had the north. So it happened. Tactical opportunity was with Harbord. The Germans stopped.

There was a patch of woods called Belleau on a hill which Harbord thought he ought to take. The Germans wanted to keep it. Then began a devil of a time, lasting a month, as we shall see.

The Germans were yet to make two more big offensives. But this one rested. The Allies could draw a long breath after a week of mortal suspense.

THE END

Poems You Ought to Know

The Shepherd Boy Sings in the Valley of Humiliation

By JOHN BUNYAN

[John Bunyan (1628-1688) was a tinker, a soldier in the English Civil War, and a famous Nonconformist preacher. For religious activities he spent twelve years in jail, during which he wrote most of Pilgrim's Progress. His verse and other prose works are less well known.]

He that is down needs fear no fall;
  He that is low, no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
  Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have,
  Little be it or much:
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
  Because Thou savest such.

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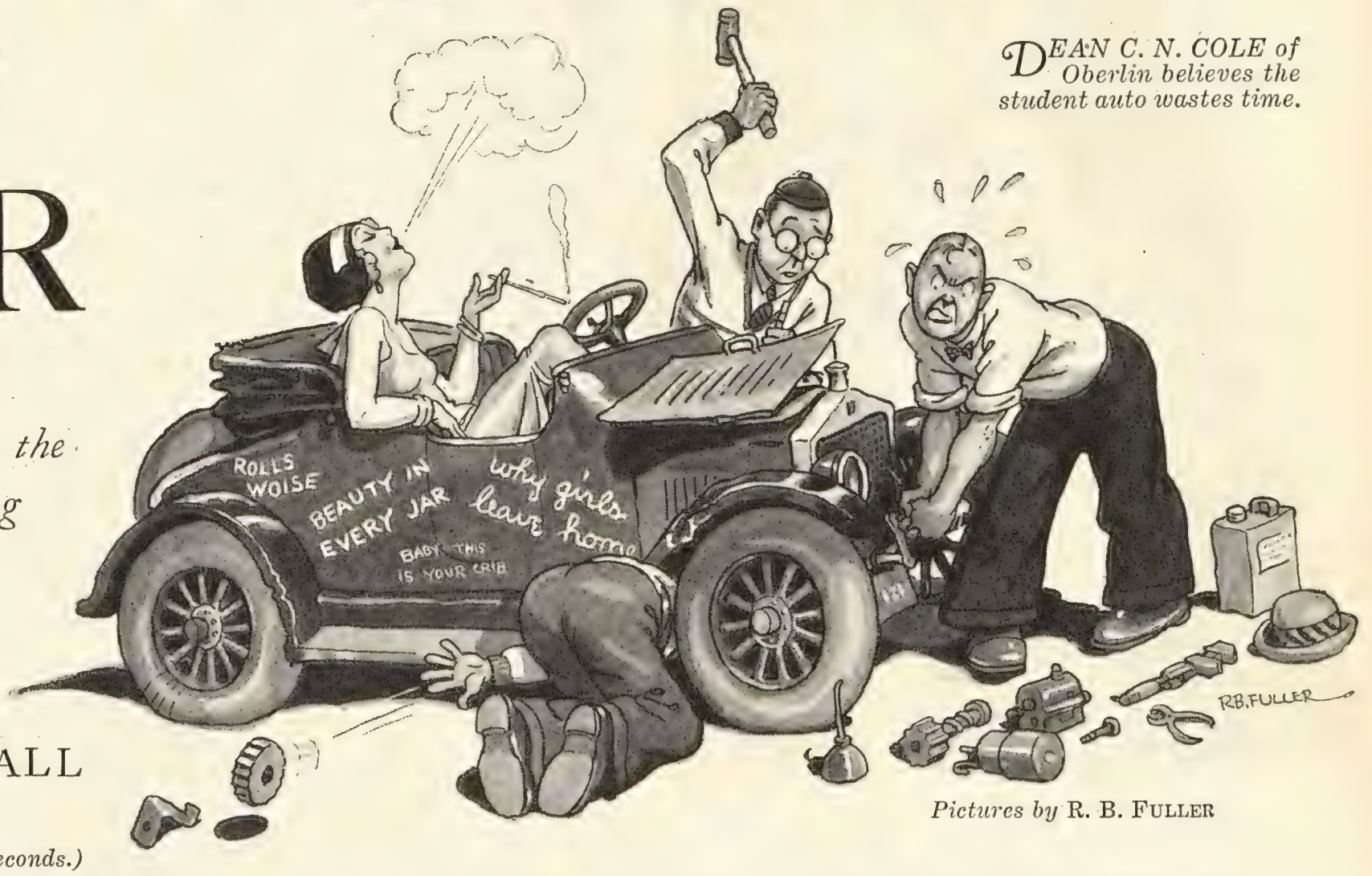
The Undergraduate and His Car

A Survey of What the Colleges Are Doing About Them

By

Norman S. Hall



DEAN C. N. COLE of Oberlin believes the student auto wastes time.

Pictures by R. B. Fuller

(Reading time: 12 minutes 20 seconds.)

A NATION-WIDE survey recently conducted by Liberty discloses the decidedly interesting fact that, of 102 colleges and universities investigated, automobiles nowadays are forbidden to all students in but eleven of them.

Further consideration of the totals shows that in three colleges freshmen may not operate motor vehicles; in six, only those students nonresident in the dormitories are permitted cars; in two, seniors only may have them; and in three, juniors and seniors are the only motoring classes.

Furthermore, there seems to be less trouble over the automobile question in the colleges permitting use of the cars than in those institutions banning them.

Sectionalism has little or nothing to do with the college automobile situation. To establish this fact the institutions were divided into four classifications—viz., East, South, Middle West, and West. Comparisons divulged the information that the college attitude toward automobiles is about the same the country over, with the Western universities slightly in the lead on the side of liberality.

Now, let us consider the individual colleges; and since it is almost tradition to begin any article about American colleges with the Big Three—Harvard, Yale, and Princeton—I shall conform.

Dean A. C. Hanford of Harvard dismissed the automobile situation with a terse:

"We have no regulations except in regard to parking of automobiles on college property."

Yale cites a paragraph from its Student Regulations which follows:

"No student may keep or operate an automobile in New Haven except as a senior privilege and with the written permission of the dean."

Since it falls to me to transmit to you the facts at my command, I may write further of motor-car conditions at Yale; not as a college man—any homage I might wish to pay to an alma mater must be divided between many newspaper city rooms—but as an observer.

The undergraduate automobiles at Yale never have been, nor can they ever be, in my opinion, limited to seniors. You will find freshmen and sophomore sons of Old Eli grinding their gears about New Haven with scant regard for the college proscription. To be sure, Yale is one of our largest universities; but it seems fair to assume that a regulation largely violated at an all-embracing college will be met with proportionate disobedience at smaller institutions.

Princeton recently banned the automobile to all students, and declined any comment other than that statement of fact.

Williams College (Williamstown, Massachusetts) permits juniors and seniors to have motor cars, but insists upon the written consent of parent or guardian and registration of car and personal license with the dean. The purpose of this, according to Dean George Edwin Howes, is to "impress upon the young men the need of careful driving and the observation of all automobile regulations."

Asked to what extent the rules were evaded, Dean Howes made this answer:

"Naturally, I do not know the extent to which the rules are violated. Rumor has it that sometimes men take a chance and drive without securing permission."

The penalty for this is probation, with loss of the driving privilege, or, in flagrant cases, suspension, which may extend over an entire academic year. There have been few suspensions.

Tufts (Medford, Massachusetts) does not regulate students' automobiles, nor does the University of Vermont (Burlington).

DEAN Edward L. Troxell of Trinity College (Hartford, Connecticut) declared:

"The students are forbidden to park their cars on the lawns. It destroys the grass and prevents its growing."

Freshmen and sophomores at Colgate (Hamilton, New York) are not allowed automobiles; although James D. Howlett, director of personnel, admits that some underclassmen undoubtedly do have cars registered in the names of juniors and seniors or keep their vehicles at near-by places. Mr. Howlett gives public safety, campus convenience, scholastic interference, and student expense as the reasons for forbidding motors to the two lower classes.

Dartmouth (Hanover, New Hampshire) does not permit its freshmen to have automobiles. Members of other classes who do have them must get the consent of parent or guardian, be in good scholastic standing, and give evidence of financial ability to maintain a car.

There are no automobile restrictions at the University of Maine (Orono), a condition which also obtains at Syracuse University (Syracuse, New York), Stevens Institute of Technology (Hoboken, New Jersey), and Rutgers University (New Brunswick, New Jersey).

Amherst College (Amherst, Massachusetts) allows its juniors and seniors to maintain motor vehicles. According to Dean T. C. Esty, they are denied freshmen and sophomores, "to discourage the neglect of those activities for which

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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If you will start at home No. 1 and compare it with No. 2; then compare No. 2 with No. 3, etc., until you have compared them all, you will see that "one" and only one is different in some way from all the others. Can you find it? You may find this difference in the trees, shutters, windows, or even the design itself might be different.

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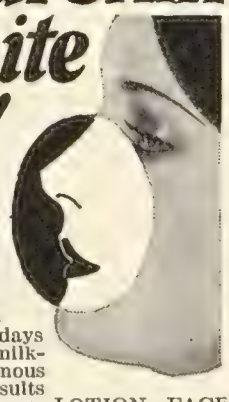

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[THE UNDERGRADUATE AND HIS CAR]
Continued from page fifty-five

students are supposed to come to college."

Swarthmore College (Swarthmore, Pennsylvania) forbids all classes to have automobiles. The penalty is expulsion from college, and Dean Raymond Walters declares the regulation is strictly observed.

At Washington and Jefferson College (Washington, Pennsylvania) the automobile is on probation. Dean Edward M. Weyer, discussing the automobile in college, said:

"We have considered the advisability of rules regulating the use of automobiles on the part of students, but never have felt as yet the need of such rules. One might say that autos are with us under consideration, but not under suspicion as factors seriously affecting normal scholastic activities."

Mr. A. R. Warnock, dean of men at the Pennsylvania State College, where automobiles are forbidden to all students, believes there is no practical need for a student car at his college. He also holds that, in many cases, cars are conducive to vicious practices.

"THE automobile rule," the dean declared, "is one that is difficult to enforce one hundred per cent. It is effective for most of its intended purposes if enforced eighty per cent efficiently. Having the rule is much better than not having it, if one considers what would happen if it did not exist.

"Practically no student cars are around the campus in the daytime. It is known that some students keep cars hidden in garages for use away from the campus, but the number of such cases is being reduced. No attempt is made to spy out such cases by examining garages.

"The rule is enforced as effectively as other college rules relating to drunkenness, immorality, cheating in class, and absence from classes. The preventive value of the rule is its greatest value."

All students at the University of Pennsylvania (Philadelphia) may operate automobiles, as they may at Lehigh University (Bethlehem, Pennsylvania); but they are forbidden to all at Haverford College (Haverford, Pennsylvania).

Waste of student time is given by Assistant Dean J. D. Lawler of Niagara University (Niagara Falls, New York) as the reason for forbidding all resident students to own motor cars. A similar reason is offered by Fordham University (New York City) for banning the automobile to its resident students.

New York University, the College of the City of New York, and Columbia University (all in New York City) have no regulations regarding the ownership of automobiles by students.

Hamilton College (Clinton, New York) allows seniors to have motors, and also grants permits to certain other underclassmen; but the practice is frowned upon.

Cornell (Ithaca, New York), Clark University (Worcester, Massachusetts), Brown University (Providence, Rhode Island), and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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HERE is a new and totally different way to treat a corn or a callus. One drop stops all pain. You wear tight shoes, walk, dance, in comfort, **instantly and at once.** Acts like a local anaesthetic; really amazing.

Then soon the corn shrivels and loosens. You peel it off with your fingers, like dead skin. No more dangerous paring.

Works alike on any corn or callus, no matter where it is, how old or how painful. Ask your druggist for "Gets-It." You will be delighted.

"GETS-IT" *World's Fastest Way*

For Bad Complexion

Never again need you be ashamed of your complexion. The admiration lavished upon the vivacious, beautiful woman can be yours to enjoy. The cause of your trouble is probably constipation. It ravages the system, destroys beauty. Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, better than calomel, is a vegetable compound mixed with olive oil, known by their olive color. Will eliminate constipation, cleanse your system, give you health that makes beauty. A famous, sure but harmless corrective used for 20 years. Non-habit-forming. No bad after-effects. Take nightly. At druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

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A Clear Healthy Skin
Insured by Every-day Use of Cuticura Soap

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SIX]

Bates College (Lewiston, Maine) all regard the student automobile kindly and have not legislated against it.

In a few instances students at the College of William and Mary (Williamsburg, Virginia) are permitted to have motors, but they are denied the general student body because, according to President J. A. C. Chandler, they waste time and money, are a source of danger, and may lead to bad habits.

Most Southern colleges countenance the automobile, as witnessed by conditions at Vanderbilt University (Nashville, Tennessee), Tulane University (New Orleans), University of Texas (Austin), University of Tennessee (Knoxville), University of South Carolina (Columbia), University of North Carolina (Chapel Hill), Louisiana State University (Baton Rouge), University of Kentucky (Lexington), Johns Hopkins (Baltimore), George Washington University (Washington, D. C.), Georgetown (Washington, D. C.), University of Florida (Gainesville), University of Alabama (Tuscaloosa), and the University of Virginia (Charlottesville). None of these institutions limits the student ownership of automobiles.

Baylor University (Waco, Texas) has but one restriction—that girls and boys cannot ride together in automobiles after 6 o'clock in the evening. According to Dean W. S. Allen, this regulation lessens opportunity for social improprieties and causes boys and girls to stay in their rooms more and give more attention to study.

Students rooming in dormitories at the University of Mississippi (Oxford) are not allowed to keep automobiles at college. Chancellor Alfred Hume believes this banning of motor cars is wise because the student car is a temptation to improper, if not immoral, conduct, wastes time, and leads to extravagant expenditures.

At the University of the South (Sewanee, Tennessee) student automobiles are regulated by a committee of three, selected by and from the University Discipline Committee. This committee also deals with infractions of motor-car regulations, which chiefly concern parking and use of the cars during class periods.

EIGHTEEN Middle Western colleges have no motor-car regulations whatsoever, among them the State universities of Arkansas, Nebraska, Missouri, Minnesota, Michigan, Kansas, Iowa, and Kansas State Agricultural College.

Others that do not restrict the student motor car are Western Reserve University (Cleveland, Ohio), Washington University (St. Louis, Missouri), Northwestern (Evanston, Illinois), Knox College (Galesburg, Illinois), Drake University (Des Moines, Iowa), University of Detroit, University of Cincinnati, University of Chicago, Case School of Applied Science (Cleveland), and Armour Institute of Technology (Chicago).

All of these colleges, of course, have certain campus parking regulations, but that should not be construed as limiting student ownership of automobiles.

Beloit College (Beloit, Wisconsin) does not permit freshmen to own motors because, Dean William E. Alderman explained, "the college does not wish to assume the responsibility for the safety of these students."

Certain students who, because of infirmity or for business reasons, require an automobile are permitted to have them at De Pauw University (Greencastle, Indiana). These permissions are granted, no matter what the individual student's class; but the purely pleasure car is not allowed.

Juniors and seniors are the only students at Grinnell College (Grinnell, Iowa) who may maintain autos. President J. H. T. Mann justifies their refusal to underclassmen because of the "interference with the primary aims of college residence."

The University of Michigan—not to be confused with the Michigan State College—forbids the motor car to all students except in extraordinary cases, when, in the discretion of the dean, this rule may be relaxed.

MEN attending Notre Dame whose permanent residence is in South Bend or Mishawaka may have automobiles, but no student resident at the college may have one. College authorities list three reasons for the ban: the automobile offers opportunities for impropriety; brings about positive distraction from study; and, coupled with the irresponsibility of youth, is a source of grave danger to life and limb.

Dean C. N. Cole of Oberlin (Oberlin, Ohio) believes the student automobile wastes time and, for that reason, cars are denied to Oberliners. A like reason is given by President W. B. Bizzell of the University of Oklahoma (Norman), where officially there are no undergraduate automobiles. President Bizzell admits the enforcement of the no-car rule is difficult, necessitating one officer on duty at the college most of the time. Despite this surveillance, he stated, there are violations.

Interference with school work is cited by Dean M. L. Fisher of Purdue (Lafayette, Indiana) as the principal reason for not allowing Purdue men the use of cars. Dean Fisher believes the rule is being more closely observed each year.

Ohio State University (Columbus) permits the student car in cases where it is required because of business, distance from the college, or crippled students. These permits are granted irrespective of the class of the student who may require one.

A like situation is to be found at

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Arthur Heine of Louisiana, a typical happy LIBERTY Boy Salesman, earning money and getting free prizes

BOYS! Here's your chance to earn your own spending money during vacation time—or all year 'round. Thousands of boys all over the United States and Canada are making a steady weekly income selling LIBERTY magazines. So can you. It's easy! We'll show you how to make money your very first week. Work right in your own neighborhood. No interference with play. No experience needed. We furnish bags, magazines and full particulars.

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What to do for...

SPRING FEVER

"Spring fever" sounds rather amusing, till it costs you your job.

Take the case of the young chap, for instance, who was very nearly fired by his boss for lack of ambition. He'd started off well in the fall, showed great promise, and then around spring just slumped. Hadn't the energy to get out and meet people, lost interest in the job, almost fell asleep over his desk.

The boss called him up on the carpet. "Just spring fever, eh? Well, that's something no good business man can afford to have every year. I cured my young son of it when he was in school. Not with sulphur and molasses. With Nujol. Suppose you try the same thing for a while."

It was surprising how with regular Nujol treatment his lassitude disappeared, his brain cleared up, his old energy and ambition returned. Today he is the boss' right hand man. Responsible for bringing in more business this past spring than any other man in the shop. Sitting pretty for promotion.

The secret is that Nujol helps the system to function as Nature meant it to, even under sedentary conditions. It not only prevents the excess of body poisons (we all have them) from forming, but aids in their removal. It is these poisons that sap the energy, drag us down, give us what we jokingly call "spring fever."

You may think that you don't need a tonic, that you're feeling 100% fit. But just try Nujol regularly for the next three months. No harm in trying, is there? For Nujol can't possibly upset or hurt you. It contains absolutely no medicine or drugs.

Please, John
Lose 20 lbs. as I Did

Why should not men as well as women keep their figures, their health, their vitality? Excess fat blights both alike. And normal conditions are as easy for one sex as the other.

About thirty years ago science discovered a great cause for excess fat. It lies in a gland deficiency which science can supply. Physicians the world over now treat obesity in this modern way.

That method is embodied in Marmola prescription tablets. People have used them for 20 years—millions of boxes of them. Note the results in every circle. Ask your friends about them. Slender figures are many times as common as they were.

Abnormal exercise or diet is neither required nor advised, but moderation helps. Correct the cause. Simply take four Marmola tablets daily until weight comes down to normal.

A pamphlet in every package gives the formula complete. Also the reasons for the many good results. This is done to ward off any fear of harm.

Consider that Marmola has, for 20 years, been winning what you want. In an easy, pleasant way. Don't you think it time to learn how much this scientific method means to you and yours?

The cost is a trifle. You would gladly give many times as much for what a normal figure means. Then learn how easily people get it.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. Any druggist who is out will order from his jobber.

MARMOLA Prescription Tablets

The Pleasant Way to Reduce

[THE UNDERGRADUATE AND HIS CAR] Continued from page fifty-seven

Otterbein College (Westerville, Ohio). Here the cars are denied other college men because of the expense involved, the inroads on scholastic time, and the moral aspect. Dean Cornetet believes the violations are negligible.

A strict registration accompanied by parent's or guardian's consent are all that is required at Wabash College (Crawfordsville, Indiana). Night driving is frowned upon, and, while it is admitted by Dean Kendall that there are violations, they are not numerous.

Earlier in this article I made the statement that the Western universities were the most liberal in their attitude toward student automobiles. The declaration finds ample proof in the facts brought out by the survey.

Several of the larger Western colleges have elaborate parking arrangements, which in some cases close all campus streets to student traffic during the usual study hours; but none of the Western schools ban the automobile.

At the University of Washington (Seattle) student cars cannot be driven on the campus during the day. This is also true of the University of California (Berkeley).

The University of South Dakota handles each case differently. That is, if a student seems to be giving more time to his car than to his studies, he is deprived of the use of the car; but there is no ban against student ownership.

AT the University of Idaho, college women are not permitted to ride in student automobiles unless they have obtained permission from the dean of women. Each student must register his car with Dean J. G. Eldridge, and an attempt is made to regulate the hours during which the machines are used; but any student may maintain an automobile while he is at the institution.

Because of cramped campus conditions the University of Denver does not allow students to park their cars there. Other than that, however, there are no restrictions.

Other Western institutions that give the undergraduate a free hand with his car are Creighton University (Omaha), Colorado Agricultural College, University of Colorado, University of Arizona, Stanford University, University of Montana, Montana State College, University of New Mexico, University of Nevada, University of Oregon, Pomona College (Claremont, California), University of Utah, California Institute of Technology, and University of Southern California.

Incomplete as any such investigation must be, the college automobile survey does give us this interesting information:

First, that the American undergraduate is assumed — in the minds of most of our college executives, at least—to have attained man's estate.

Second, that the automobile is a practical development of modern life and one that those who have attained man's estate should master.

THE END

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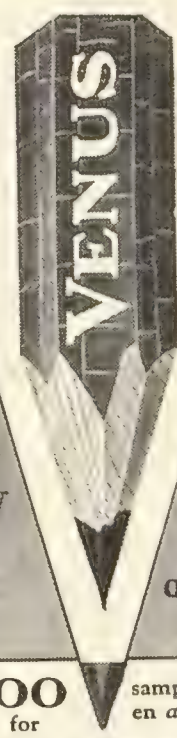

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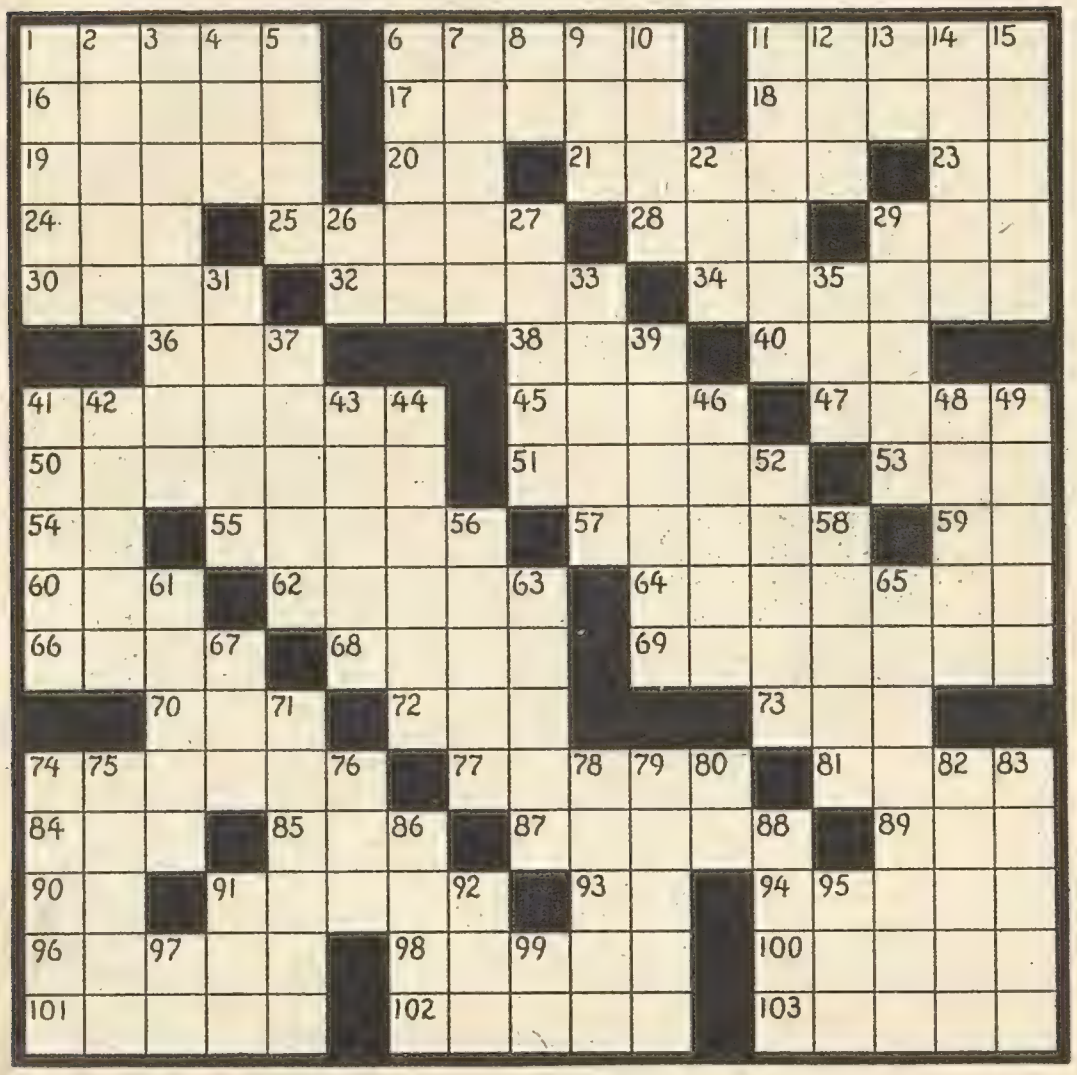
STAGGERED CENTER PUZZLE

ONE hundred and ten reasonably familiar words and not an unkeyed letter in the lot. About thirty minutes should see the average solver through to a complete solution.



HORIZONTAL

1 Auctions
6 Danger
11 Less
16 Similar
17 Declaim
18 Silly
19 Creator
20 Note of the scale
21 Factions
23 Note of the scale
24 Devoured
25 Peremptory commands
28 A disease of sheep
29 Iniquity
30 Torn
32 Jogs
34 Docile
36 Consume
38 Priestly vestment
40 Born
41 A communication
45 Boisterous utterance
47 Lofty
50 Oriental
51 Pertaining to the sun
53 Recline
54 By
55 Select class
57 Works steadily
59 Symbol for samarium
60 Allow
62 European country
64 Aids
66 Clip
68 One face of an object
69 Costliest
70 Roam idly
72 Limb
73 A ram
74 Divisions of a drama
77 Characters of early alphabets
81 Go by
84 Sailor (colloquial)
85 Bird's crop
87 Stitched
89 Strike smartly
90 Exist
91 Bishop's headdress
93 Pronoun
94 Angry
96 Forgive
98 More mature
100 Religious service for morning
101 Labors
102 Mohammedan princes
103 Amend

VERTICAL

1 Island of the Philippine group
2 Winged
3 Image
4 Piece out
5 Vassal
6 Pertaining to the poles
7 Muse of erotic and lyric poetry
8 Sun god
9 Pronoun
10 Sidelong glance
11 Fingerless glove
12 Those in political power
13 Initials of a continent
14 Unto the time of
15 A net
22 Tooth in a wheel
26 Pronoun
27 Asterisks
29 Go stealthily
31 Flavor
33 Single-masted vessel
35 A snare
37 Chinese monetary units
39 Lyrical poem
41 Repasts
42 Consumed
43 Grasps
44 Involve
46 Elevate
48 Rosters
49 Smallest
52 Rested again
56 A duck
58 Thick sweet liquid
61 Beast of cat kind
63 Beverage made of wine and fruit juice
65 Disjoin
67 Metal dish
71 Resigns
74 Begin
75 Stone carved in relief
76 Perched
78 Fresher
79 Jugs
80 Japanese measure of area
82 Silken fabric
83 Exhaust
86 Existed
88 A coin
91 Unit for measuring diameter of wire
92 Margin
95 Thrust violently
97 Note of the scale
99 Letter of the Greek alphabet

MOLAR LAMP SOLONS
EVADE EWER EMIR T
SAND WAN EERIE HE
SLEEPER STRUT LOP
NIT STEAM HARP
ABODE PEENS TENSE
CORA FARED GRACED
TOE SATED WRITES
SPIES GRITS
TATARS SLIME NAB
CELERY CHOSE NOTE
ANILE GROAT COWED
RACE GLEAM HAM
ICE GREAT DERIDES
BE SLEET AIM NILE
O THEE EDGE SENSE
ORIENT DOES METER

Answer to last week's puzzle

Be Sure You Get Orange-Crush

Real orange juice makes *such* a difference! Ask your doctor.

This year the makers of Orange-Crush are using in their product the juice from fourteen *million* pounds of fresh, ripe oranges.

Juice of luscious oranges, delicate flavor of their peel, zestful tang of the fruit acid found in oranges, lemons, and limes, healthful carbonated water, pure cane sugar—*no wonder children are so fond of Orange-Crush.*

Wherever bottled drinks are sold, demand Orange-Crush in the patented "Krinkly" bottle. Also at the better fountains *everywhere.*

Orange-Crush

Bottled by your local Orange-Crush bottler in patented "Krinkly" bottles—every bottle carefully sterilized—under exclusive license and direction of the Orange-Crush Company, Chicago. Also at fountains, from the Orange-Crush dispenser. — A wonderfully refreshing drink!

Unique, startling in its smartness, strikingly beautiful, its style expresses the tempo of the hour. And . . . essentially a motor heat indicator, the new Radio model is as practical as it is new.

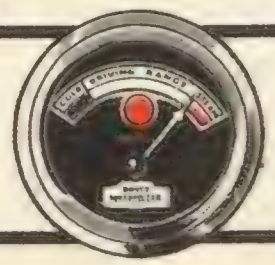
At night, the ingeniously concealed radio pilot light throws a soft yet concentrated beam down the indicating tube: no annoying glare, yet plenty of light for a constant check on motor conditions!

The transparent crystals, too, are an innovation, completing an effect that adds individuality to the front of your car.

Priced at $6.50

The Moto Meter Company, Inc., Long Island City, N. Y.

Red Ball Boyce Moto Meter
Illuminated from within, the Red Ball flashes its warning whenever overheating develops.
Model "L", dash type: $10.00
Model "S", steering column mtg. $12.50



For FORD and CHEVROLET
New, *illuminated* Red Ball Models, with special car nameplate on dial.
Model "CL", dash type: $8.00
Model "CS" or "FS", steering col. mtg. $8.50

"I Never Lost a Father Yet!"

Sandy Plays the Hero in a Hospital Drama

A Chapter of Suspense in LIBERTY's Great Cover Serial

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By Leslie Thrasher

"WELL, it won't be long now!" Pop Morse said as he drove Ma and Sandy to the hospital where Lil had been all day. "Any second, now, I may be a grandfather." And he just missed a moving van by a Scotchman's inch!

"And I may be a grandmother!" Ma shouted while her husband slowed up behind an open trolley with its rear-seat array of gay suspenders and funny sheets.

Sandy? The word *poor* should be coupled with his name. He had a shrunken, jaundiced look; a nervous twitching of the fingers and toes; a wild stare which implied that he was being hurried toward seclusion in a padded cell.

"And I may be a father!" he gulped, his green tie casting a seasick reflection upon his lips. Then he gave his mother-in-law an angry look. The nerve of Lil's parents joking about being grandparents—while she was suffering in the hospital!

He felt like swooning, or dying—anything to forget his terrible worry for Lil's safety. And there his father-in-law sat, calmly driving along and singing some sort of church response which always followed the collection. And there his mother-in-law sat, calmly smelling a tiny bottle of spirits of something or other.

And there *he* sat, furious at having to appear calm, wishing the symbolic stork had committed suicide when Cain was born. Then Abel would have been spared, Alexander the Great could have saved traveling expenses on his Asiatic tour, Helen of Troy needn't have smiled whenever she saw a ship, Lincoln wouldn't have gone to the theater that night, Woodrow Wilson's grandfather—well, anyway, *Lil wouldn't be in the hospital having a baby!*

HOSPITAL STREET—NO HONKING!

Follow the Arrow to the Ambulance Entrance

This sign knocked terror into Sandy's rapid-fire heartbeat. Then he caught a sniff of conglomerate medical odors. Nurses in immaculate white were hurrying up a path. Sandy clutched a limp, waxed-papered package: Pansies he'd nervously picked from the garden—partly for thoughts and partly for economy.

"What's that?" Ma piped up. She was giving the once-over to a flat box Sandy had had parked in his pocket.

"A—a boudoir cap for the baby, an' a rattle for Lil," he said, quite confused as a stretcher was carried past him.

Dr. Howard came into the room at this point, and greeted Ma with a "Well-well-well, here we are!" Then he took one look at poor Sandy and felt his pulse.

"How is she?" Sandy asked. The *she* stuck in his throat. "Is she suffering—much?"

"Don't take it so hard, young man," Dr. Howard said, "or you'll be sick yourself. And then Mrs. Morse will have her hands full."

Ma perked right up, very pleased with this sum total of her own importance. She whispered something which Sandy didn't catch. A nod from the doctor. Ma whispered to Pop.

Speechless, Sandy stared into professional eyes.

"Now-now-now," Dr. Howard said, watch in hand, "I never lost a father yet!"

(To be continued next week)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

An Exact Diagnosis

Betty's little friend, Virginia, had come to play, and when a thunderstorm came up, was frightened and cried to go home. Crying with Virginia was quite a ceremony: after the first outburst, she settled down to a series of sobs, gulps, and deep sighs.

"Betty," called mother from upstairs, "is Virginia still crying?"

"Well," said four-year-old Betty reflectively, "she isn't 'zactly crying, but she's breathing loud."—Mrs. Grace W. Irby, 209 N. Missouri Ave., Roswell, N. M.

Tongue and Mind Did Not Agree

Little Ida was poised on the end of a rather high diving-board, hands above head, ready for the plunge.

"One for the money, two for the show, three to get ready—and—four to go," she counted out slowly.

Still she remained on her high perch.

"You said 'four'; why didn't you dive?" asked the little girl's mother.

"I know I said 'four,'" Ida replied; "but I'm still thinking 'two.'"—Don Heebner, Box 189, Orange City, Fla.

As we dropped astern of The Evening Star, which was all afire, the sea-rogues' sloop was unmasked.

A Younger Son

A Story of Pirate Gold and a Dandified Devil

By Robert W. Chambers

Pictures by Norman Price

(Reading time: 16 minutes 15 seconds)

IF there was no law in North Carolina, there was plenty in South Carolina—what with Nicholas Trott in gown and wig, and Governor Johnson, and Colonel Rhett; and what with their Vice Admiralty and their hanging and condemning and acquitting—

No! That was no place for me who had been taken twice in piracy—no place for me with my little bags of Arab gold where, by some process and colour of laws I never heard of, my fortune—which had been my father's lawful booty—would be taken from me and given to His Majesty and to his station ships in the James.

And that I did not mean to suffer if I could help it. So, in the foggy light of a hateful and deformed moon, I hoisted my lateen and beat up toward the only haven I knew; which was Topsail Inlet.

All night long I sailed, half asleep and dreaming of drowned men; half awake and thinking of hanged men. And all the while, asleep or awake, I was near to weeping, and vaguely conscious that I was in love and wanted my lover.

Oh, Lord, what a world had I been born into!—where roguery had honesty by the throat, and where a gentleman might take a mistress below his station, but never a wife unless her fortune condoned his degradation.

So, with tender or with bitter thoughts, and with restless dreams of death and gallows, I sailed on, beating to the northwestward like a wind-baffled bird till the red dawn surprised me.

Out of half-awakened, spray-drenched eyes I saw a reddened ocean and redder sky; and two ships at sea—a schooner and a sloop. And the sloop chased the schooner.

Within a mile of her she hoisted a black pennant, and the schooner instantly returned the compliment with an English ensign at masthead and a gun to confirm it, making the best of her way and crowding all the sail she could.

The sloop, doing the like, hoisted a black flag with a death on it and fired her bow chase; the schooner replying with her stern chase out of her cabin windows.

I could see shot strike the sloop's gunnel and rigging, and tear through her sails; and one cut her foreshroud on the starboard side, and another her mast where it had been fished and was weak.

I was so near in my canoe that the roar of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

" Well," says he, " whose regiment of artillery are you, with six yard of horse pistols in both fists? "

[A YOUNGER SON Continued from page sixty-one]

the sloop's guns and crash of splinters aboard her made my ears ache; and the round shot flew through the wave crests all around me, sending up jets like spouting fountains.

But she was done for, as far as any further chasing was concerned; for another shot hit the weakened mast, and down it came, carrying everything aloft, and lay overboard. The pirate sloop careened to larboard so that I thought she would roll over and capsize.

Now came yells and curses and bawling and calling aboard her, and a loud racket of axes to clear away the wreckage.

Beating up past her, I heard the sea-rogues damning and swearing; but some laughed at their own misfortune; and a great, half-naked fellow hailed me derisively from her wrecked foreport:

" Canoe ahoy! We've struck to you, my boy, so for Jesus' sake give us good quarters! "

They took me for a poor fisherman with not a pennyworth o' plunder aboard me. And I had £100,000 in Arab gold!

I was horribly afraid. I passed so near that I could see them salvaging what sail they dared and rigging a spar for a jury mast—all amid a most horrid uproar of cursing and laughter and vile language.

THEN, as I bore to starboard to cross her bows on a northeast tack, one of the rogues fired his pistol at me and roared with laughter to see me duck my head.

Such wanton wickedness enraged me, and I stood up in the stern of my cockleshell and swore at the wretch.

Then I saw a lank, dandified officer come mincing across the high poop which was the sloop's quarter-deck, and look at me through a spyglass. I knew him instantly, and my hair rose with fright. For he was Francis Farrington Sprigg.

" That's Tom Cocklyn's brat of a girl who plays the tap boy at Topsail Inlet! " he said in his shrill, penetrating voice. " Clear the foreport larboard gun! "

I GAVE myself up. It seemed a year before the loud crack of the gun followed and I felt the wind of the rushing round shot whistling overhead. Far away a jet of foam burst upward out of the sea.

They fired two or three shots from muskets at me; to no purpose. No more shots came, as I tacked to leeward and to windward with all the desperation of a chased rabbit. And I think they had enough to do aboard them without contriving further mischief for a frightened girl in a cockleshell.

But it was like the cruelty of Francis Farrington Sprigg to so use the helpless; for his wickedness and heartless abuse of those who fell into his clutches were well known and common talk in taverns.

Besides, Francis Farrington Sprigg had been quartermaster to Ned Low, the cruellest sea-rogue who ever flew the bones; and when Low had taught him all the wickedness he knew, he stole a ship from him to sail elsewhere and learn more of Captain Death.

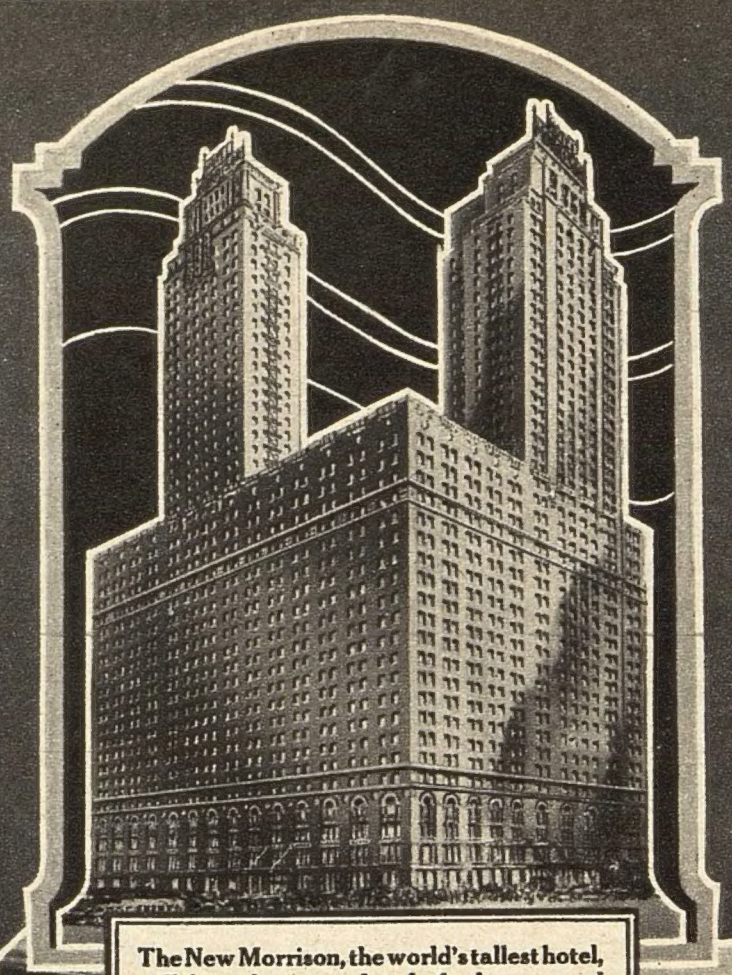
Well, I made for the land, which now began to be familiar to me; and there was an inlet very near which my canoe could enter even at low tide, and which led into endless links of creek and bay and lagoon and sound, and by devious and shallow reaches to the sea; and so into Topsail Inlet.

When I entered this creek I could make out the rover sloop now beating up under jury rig; but I knew she could never follow where I was sailing.

Sometimes I poled; sometimes rowed; then hoisted sail again and stood away across some windy bay or inland stretch of shallow water.

Once these dunes and shores were populated by fishermen and seafaring folk; but the dreadful Tuscarora war had made a desolation of all

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-FOUR]



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Offers you the Best Location Pleasantest Surroundings *and* Lowest Expense

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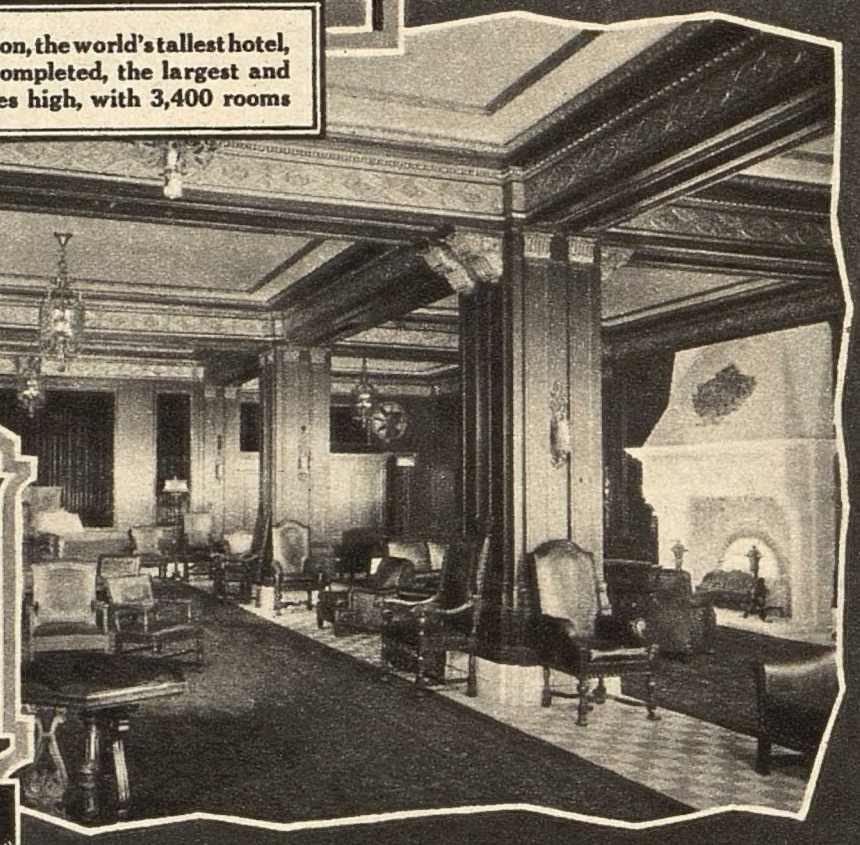
"THE MAN BACK OF THE INSTITUTION"



A View in the Lounge, Morrison Hotel

AS A VACATION RESORT, Chicago offers the tourist a far pleasanter holiday if he stays at the city's most central hotel-location—the Morrison. The business traveler is equally quick to recognize its strategic advantages.

At the Heart of "Downtown"

Almost as soon as he "drops off the train" he is comfortably settled in his guest room, for the Morrison is the nearest hotel to the grouped railroad terminals. The same is true of the downtown theatres, world-famous stores, and financial and wholesale districts.

Summer Attractions in Easy Reach

The immense stretch of beaches, celebrated golf courses, park systems, and other features are reached in the shortest time, for rail, bus and taxi services radiate from this location. But right here in the hotel are attractions without parallel anywhere—the wonderful Terrace Garden, the picturesque Lounge and the glorious view from the loftiest hotel-structure on earth.

1944 Rooms, Each With Bath

Every guest room is outside, with bath, running ice water, bed head lamp, and Servidor. A housekeeper is assigned to each floor, and all guests are afforded garage privileges. The low rate scale reflects the lucrative character of the subrentals at this central intersection; they pay all the ground rent, and the guests enjoy the saving.

TABLE OF RATES (Single in Each Case)

202 Rooms, $2.50	457 Rooms, $4.00	15 Rooms, $6.00
241 Rooms, $3.00	245 Rooms, $4.50	35 Rooms, $7.00
480 Rooms, $3.50	189 Rooms, $5.00	21 Rooms, $8.00

16 Corner Suites, $12.00 · 16 Suites, $15.00 · 6 Suites, $20.00
Sample rooms from $6.00 to $12.00

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[A YOUNGER SON Continued from page sixty-two]

this region. Only into Old Clarendon had returned a few strange, slinking folk of whom wayfarers were more afraid than of the savages.

Now, for a long while, the seaward dunes had hid ocean from my view. It was afternoon by the sun, and near 2 o'clock. So I beached my cockleshell and ate and drank and lay flat on my aching back to recover strength to go on.

But before I set sail I ran to the seaward dunes and took a good look around.

The sloop, still under jury rig, sailed slowly northward. The schooner was not to be seen.

So, well content, I ran to my canoe and made sail once more; and, because the wind had shifted to the southwest, made good progress.

Again and again in the open sounds I fell asleep at the helm; but always seemed to know when to awake.

The last time I awoke I was at sea and flying before a brisk little wind with Topsail off of my larboard quarter and the sunset kindling behind the pines.

Oh, holy angels! how content was I to be there as my canoe went dashing through the inlet to Tom Cocklyn's landing.

Against the crimson west the old Lost Ship Tavern stood stark and drear; and if anybody were within I could not tell, because there was no light in any window.

But food and fitful sleep and a sense of safety had heartened and refreshed me. I moored my canoe, shipped mast, furled sail, and, making all fast, ran across the dunes to the kitchen door.

When I came to it I saw it was open, and smelled bacon a-broiling. Oh, heavenly angels! how sweet a smell! Yet was I cautious and peeped into the kitchen; and there saw Moll Fair a-squatted on the hearth and baking ash cakes, while bacon broiled and a kettle sang upon the hob.

I do not violently love that wench, but now I spoke her name with a loud sob; and when she got to her naked feet with a cry of "Lawks!" and a staring eye, why, I embraced and kissed the pretty slattern—but presently desisted because she returned my caress too ardently to suit me.

Then a torrent of topsy-turvy discourse burst out of her red lips.

"FRECKLES," says she, "you are a heartless lad to leave me here alone so long with naught to do save to eat and sleep, and not a soul in breeches has come near this accursed place save only that old hoot owl Mr. Justice Nicholas Trott, Esquire—and may the devil's dam sit on his chest to warm his heart, if it can be warmed at all!

"For the old scratch-wig regarded me sourly and reproached me because I ate and drank what belonged to government, and I merely caretaker to impounded and sequestered property under the laws of Carolina. My God, is a caretaker not to eat and drink? What does that old buzzard live on himself, I'd like to ask him. And what does he think a young and healthy woman is nourished on to keep life in her toiling body—"

I took hold of her and shook her.

"Be quiet!" I cried, stamping my foot. "For I'm near dead o' my voyage and have more to do yet ere I make friends with a bed."

"I'll brew you a noggin," says she.

"No," said I; "I want a spade and a lantern. And when I return I'll eat a piece if I'm not too dead to open my mouth."

SO she went out to the garden and fetched me a spade and a lantern, and lit the candle for me with splinter-wood.

With these I ran back to the dunes, and fell to digging a pit ten paces due east of a pine—just a little shallow pit where I might hide my sacks of gold until I had slept and rested and refreshed myself sufficiently to dig a deeper and more secret pit in some safely concealed place on the morrow.

Very soon I had made a hole quite deep enough. Now I hastened to unload my canoe; and was like to drop in my tracks of weariness before I had fetched every sack and covered all with sand.

When again I came to the kitchen, I was too much fatigued to eat; so crept up to my attic bed, and there fell upon it and slept, all wet with spray and perspiration as I was.

All that night I slept, and all the next day; and when I awoke it was already another sunset, which flamed like a forest of pitch pine afire, reddening sea and land.

I went to the attic window and looked out upon a scene of fiery solitude. Nothing stirred on land or sea, not even a gull.

I stepped, naked, into my shoes—for the puncheon floor was rough — and, flinging a ragged blanket around my body, descended to the kitchen.

Moll Fair lay asleep in the chimney corner, a fragment of ash cake in her greasy fingers.

Fire smouldered on the hearth. The kitchen was very hot and smelled of burned fat. The outer air, too, seemed warm as midsummer. I went out very silently, and took the spade from the pig yard, and thence made my way through the still, ruddy afterglow to that same dune where I had hid my Arab gold the night before.

Measuring ten paces from the solitary pine, I drove in my spade, left it upright, and ran down to the shore, where a heavy tide was already making.

Here I stepped from my shoes, dropped the blanket, and hastened